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To Bryan
from
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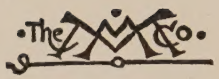
May 1996

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH



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THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY

SAMUEL S. DRURY

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1922

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Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1922.

Press of
J. J. Little & Ives Company
New York, U. S. A.

To
MY OWN BOYS
SAM AND ROGER

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	My Manners	1
II	My Broken Leg	12
III	My Five Brothers	19
IV	My Health	27
V	My Vacation	39
VI	My Family	48
VII	My Country	59
VIII	My Bible	66
IX	My Teacher	75
X	My Pictures	84
XI	My Friends	95
XII	My Lost Time	104
XIII	My Springtime	110
XIV	My Religion	115
XV	My Relatives	128
XVI	My Out of Doors	138
XVII	My Garden	149
XVIII	My Walks Abroad	161
XIX	My Vocation	168
XX	My New Year	179

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

people begin and end with casual and often unrepeated meetings. Those contacts can either be spoiled by crude and thoughtless behavior, or can be made pleasurably distinct by kindly courtesy. Therefore the legend over the old school door proclaims to all the youth that enters a fundamental rule of life. Benevolence is to be turned into benefaction. Kind thoughts must issue in kind deeds. Gentlemen must be gentle every day. Manners maketh man.

Think with me about manners and mannerisms. The two are far apart. Good manners issue from thinking lowly of yourself and highly of others. They become automatic. The less planning behind them, the more effective they are. Mannerisms are degenerate peculiarities. They are either obnoxious or ridiculous. If I speak to boys and girls somewhat plainly against mannerisms, if as you read this paper you smilingly think of the mannerisms of your friends, consider well lest *you* do not deserve the censure, too! It is easy in youth to overcome disagreeable personal traits. When you are older you will find it very hard. Therefore, you who are under twenty, encourage in yourself now those considerate manners that will make you welcome in a group of friends, that will bring you as a balm into any emergency, that will never render your usefulness ineffective by reason of a bad personal trait. And early learn ruthlessly to eradicate those mannerisms that make us a sorry trial constantly in the family and wherever we go. For the sake of clearness, I shall divide these thoughts on manners and mannerisms into four parts: the manners of the hand, the manners of

the tongue, the manners of the body, and the manners of the face. It all sounds very personal, does it not? So be it. If by curing defects now, we become finer friends and more useful citizens, the end will justify the pain.

I met Mr. Roosevelt just once. It was in a very crowded room, with multitudes jostling about him. His handclasp was a warm, individual greeting. Before the crowd swept me away, he said just one simple thing; but it was said to *me*. That individual flash made our great hero a leader. More people probably said of him the day he died, "Roosevelt once said to *me*—" than could have been said of any other American. He met numberless men, but always the contact was personally intense. Have you ever met just the opposite kind of person? That kind is never wholly with you. He has a restless eye, his glance shifts from your eye to a point somewhere over your right shoulder; and while his voice addresses you, his eye and the mind are roving far afield. Such persons mix water with personality. Who cares for such diluted intercourse? Better give all of yourself for one minute than part of yourself for ten. Learn to throw your entire interest wholly in one direction. That is a secret not only of courtesy but of power.

Manners of the hand concern principally the handshake. What a wonderful human contrivance handshaking is! It is a happy compromise between the embrace and the bow. The handshake both welcomes and restrains. It can be very eloquent. "Did you notice," said the late Professor Jebb to a friend as they left a

certain ambassador's reception, "how I shook hands with Mrs. So-and-So?" "No," was the reply. "Why should I? How did you?" "I shook hands with her," the eminent and secluded scholar replied, "in such a way as to show my great respect for her husband's office and my great dislike for the lady herself!" The story may overestimate the eloquence of the handclasp, but our experience tells us that shaking hands can convey a whole range of messages, from feeble carelessness to zealous conviction. When you shake hands, always look your friend in the eye. Practice that with the family to-night; have a little secret practice after supper in the important art of shaking hands. Hold out your hand in a hearty, hospitable fashion, take the other's palm in a firm grasp and look the other kindly in the eye. That is the first position. Only one more rule need be noted. Let your grasp be firm but not too muscular. Avoid both the flabby and the fighting handshake. There are those who pass you what feels like nothing but a dead fish! You hold a collection of damp fingers. To such a person I would never offer a position. Of such I would never try to make a friend. The other extreme is not so bad in character, but far more painful to the flesh. I call it the oarsman's grip. It is as if your poor palm were the oar of the victorious athlete as he sweeps over the line. You feel your knuckles grinding together; your skin is pinched; you wince. After the greeting is over you shake your fingers to regain circulation. This terrifying form of cordiality should be avoided by all men. It is not a sign of heartiness, it is a piece of thoughtless physical persecution. Again I

say, practice this art. Study shaking hands at home.

Once I saw a very interesting old Bible, which had belonged to a devout woman who had used it for seventy years in church. On the leather cover there was a depression the size of her thumb, caused by the owner as, meditatively listening to lengthy sermons, she touched the leather with her thumb. The spot was one-sixteenth of an inch deep. She had moved her thumb up and down, up and down, for two services a Sunday for fifty-two Sundays a year for seventy years. When as a boy I saw that Bible, I immediately determined to wear a hole in my Bible, too. But the three Sundays that witnessed my attempt proved my impatience. How fortunate for me! Delightful as was the old lady's meditative gesture, with me it would have been a silly mannerism. All twiddling, all unconscious little manual gestures, all foot swinging,—those mannerisms are nothing but bad. If you find yourself twisting off the buttons from your coat, ask the family to fine you. It not only increases your mother's mending, it means an ineffective habit in yourself. In a family of boys there was once a printed rule: *Don't Drum.* This was to prevent nervous little finger habits at the desk, while sitting idly, and principally perhaps at table. To swing your foot seems trifling now, but suppose when you are fifty you have acquired an unconscious habit and cannot sit without swinging your foot? Will that make you a restful companion? All those habits should become a matter of frank and fearless, smiling criticism in any wholesome family. If you are touchy, if you

have that most dreadful thing, a sensitive disposition, of course no one will correct you, and you will become a bundle of disagreeable or disgusting traits. But if you have a sense of humor about the matter, you will not mind when brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, shout, "Don't twist that button!" or "Don't twiddle your fingers!"

There is so much to say about manners of the tongue that sometime I must condense it into a special article. I know my title now. It will be a brand-new word. Can you guess what it means? The word is *Kyms*. The lesson that word teaches does not, to be sure, solve all the difficulties of the tongue, but it does control them. When Kyms is written, let me note certain rules about schooling the little member that boasts great things. The rule never to talk too loud in public, embodies the rule that talking loud anywhere is bad. Mumbling and shouting are both bad manners. Some whole families have their voices pitched at an unfortunately high key. You hear them discussing trifling domestic points while passing the house across the street. No wonder such people go to bed tired—it is because they have spent many foot pounds—or will the teacher of physics allow me to say "tongue pounds"?—of energy in a quite useless projecting of the voice. Being so "high in the wind" marks neither a lady nor a gentleman. John may profitably pay his sister Mary ten cents a week unfailingly to remind him to keep his voice down, and Mary may quite as profitably offer John *twenty-five* cents a week for a similar service.

Conversation requires two people. Those who prefer monologue had better walk alone. The boy who expects to be listened to must plan as attentively to listen, too. The art of listening is rare even in good society. Clever people are too likely to be thinking what they will say next in reply, and impatient people far too often interrupt. "Did you have a good time at the Jenkinses'?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply, "but Mr. Jenkins finished all my sentences for me." What a disagreeable companion Mr. Jenkins proves to be! If as a boy he had learned to practice Kyms, the give-and-take of friendly discourse, each would have had a right to his own sentences.

It is difficult to stop commenting on the manners of the tongue. Time fails me to tell you about the three monkeys of Japan, the famous taciturn general who could be silent in six languages, and so forth. But we must hasten on to the manners of the body.

Once on a time a young friend of mine was very ill. A famous consultant spent the day with him. The poor boy and his stricken family occupied one room, and the city doctor went and came. He and I would be talking, when a summons would come from the sick room. He might have been lolling idly, but in an instant he was erect, attentive, and, buttoning his coat with an almost jaunty air, he would swing down the corridor, round the corner and into the room of despair. With him came courage, resolution, hope. It was not only because of skilled experience—that feeling of vitality came with his body, so briskly borne. We can all be

like that. No one is obliged to shuffle about in a "meaching," disappointed frame of body and frame of mind. Your very posture at breakfast can start the whole family, it may be, on the wrong road of dejection or cantankerousness. By your jaunty, vital bearing, by the springiness in your toes, by the swing of your shoulders, you can introduce a feeling of euphoria, a sense of well-being, a notion that it is good to be alive.

On my mantelpiece is a little mechanical sermon made of wire. A doctor friend gave it to me. This ingenious person wanted his two boys to learn to stand up straight. He found that his nagging plea of "Stand up straight!" simply resulted in a preposterous position on their part. So he took a piece of straight wire, fixed it solidly in a bit of wood, carried it up six inches, and then made a sharp horizontal turn.

"Imagine yourself," he would say, "standing back to this wire, trying to touch the crosspiece with the top of your head." Such a mental act puts you immediately in a proper position. Instead of saying "Stand up straight!" say to yourself, "Be tall!" This is another way of forcing ourselves to carry the body in an erect, graceful manner. Still another dictum leading to the same result is the phrase, "Look your height." These suggestions insure powerful and graceful posture, and posture is vital all the way from greeting friends in the parlor to commanding armies in the field.

I have often reminded boys in school that the pocket handkerchief should, so far as possible, while we are in company, remain a *pocket* handkerchief. The

evident satisfaction that some people take in blowing their noses in public shows a lamentable want of early training. Whatever calls attention to the person, in these particulars, is an evidence of that thoughtlessness of others' comfort, that disregard for general propriety, which issues in bad manners. Let every boy remember that, unless he has a cold in his head or a sudden nose-bleed, he should use his pocket handkerchief when he is alone. And there is another nasal doctrine that you must not mind my mentioning. It is the mannerism of gently sniffling or snuffling about once every minute. How these unfortunate habits begin I cannot imagine, but that they do continue past eradicating is all too true. The habit becomes unconscious to the snuffler, but, oh, how painfully conscious are all his friends or her friends! I mention it because such a peculiarity can be cured, and cured once for all, during youth. In all these matters of moral and physical renovation, to be young is very heaven!

Still another point connected with manners of the face I fain would pass over, but it were better to boldly state it. To-morrow when you are at school look about you in the classroom. Perhaps there will be thirty young people there. Count how many have their hands to their faces, either rubbing or pinching or scratching or pushing their faces. Now that is a disagreeable habit. It should be painstakingly avoided. Just as parents put red pepper on their children's fingers to prevent their biting their nails, so we who plan to be acceptable members of society, and therefore all the more useful citizens, should get over any disagreeable

mannerism that keeps the hand near the face. Learn to sit with your hands reposefully in your lap; get power through repose. Develop a quiet, unconscious poise. Learn to sit in a rocking-chair without rocking, to be at rest without wriggling, to be thoughtful without scowling. All these habits of the body somehow work inward. Just as the able mind frequently shows itself in the alert body, so the reposeful body carries its weight of repose into the mind and bids it be still. Such nervous habits are none the less regrettable though they sometimes occur among our very choicest friends. And again, the surest and promptest method of reform is to beseech your family to shout aloud in chorus whenever you fall from grace.

Let young gentlemen or young gentlewomen take pains to develop good manners and to abolish mannerisms. After all, what is the gentleman but a burden bearer,—he who like Atlas would carry at least part of the world on his broad and willing shoulders? The gentleman is one who carries burdens and who stands up straight beneath them, and *smiles* beneath them. All secret or presumptuous incivilities must be forgiven and abandoned. The habits that we think no one sees, in the end every one sees. What is done in darkness will somehow proclaim itself on the housetop. If alone at breakfast you eat up all the corner biscuits, that secret incivility will write its record in your character. If, hurrying for a train, you jostle old women out of your way, your face, however handsome, will have an ugly touch. Our manners spring from the pure, unselfish

source of thoughtfulness. Let ours be the ambition never consciously to inflict pain, never to make any one feel abashed, never to do a physically repulsive thing. What a shame if our usefulness be disqualified because of our mannerisms. What a pity if the good that is in us be disbelieved because of boorish manners. Let the sword of steel be incased in the velvet scabbard. However successful and effective we may desire to be, let us never be too hurried to be courteous. A great railway system posted for the benefit of its employees a play on the word *courtesy*. Spelling out that blessed word, the president gave a rule beginning with each of its letters. Here it is:

"*C*ourtesy is a business asset, a gain and never a loss.
*O*fficers and employees, above all others, should be courteous.
*U*se courtesy in all dealings with passengers, patrons, and so on.
*R*ailway men help through being courteous.
*T*his railway believes in courtesy.
*E*ven the discourteous like to be shown courtesy.
*S*mooth away life's difficulties by being courteous.
*Y*ou will find your value increased by courtesy."

For railway substitute what you will, beginning of course with the family, for courtesy begins at home. For railway, substitute school, for courtesy is the lubricant of happy progress there. Substitute community, for courtesy is catching; one smile can convert a street full of people; one thoughtful act can influence a whole town. Yes, it is true. Do well to believe it, boys and girls. Manners maketh man.

MY BROKEN LEG

THE titles of all these chapters seem so egotistical, with their repeated *My, My, My,* that I may as well place the most conceited-sounding of them all near the beginning. It is not as bad as it seems, for I am not planning to tell about myself half as much as about you. *My* really refers not to me but to you! So when you read about *My Health* or *My Family* or *My Manners,* you will be considering not somebody else's problem and experience but your own.

Surely no title can sound more egotistical than this. For who wants to hear about my broken leg! The only broken leg that deeply interests any reader will be *his own!* And yet here I solemnly set down *My Broken Leg* as a subject under which to place advice and suggestions which may on some distant day prove a consolation. And first of all it should be noted, in passing, that I never had a broken leg, and shall take pains to keep my limbs unbroken as long as possible. The phrase is intended to stand for any physical interruption that may stop the natural current of one's life. Just supposing that you did have a broken leg, which resulted in your stopping school for a month, and thereby being forcefully removed from natural active companionships, and thrown back upon the quietude of your own room and the companionship only of those who

remembered your existence! That would mean the sudden development of resources within yourself. Or it might mean that you would be as suddenly wearied with your own society.

Young people ought never to be bored. It is a word which should not be admitted into the vocabulary of any live person, last of all a person under twenty-one. It is just to forestall the possibility of youthful boredom, or of that evil form of suicide known as killing time that I summarize these thoughts under the title of "A Broken Leg," asking: What would you do if you had to spend a month alone, perhaps in a hospital, or perhaps in your own room? Taking time by the forelock, let us plan now how to order our life so that such sudden physical interruption might even prove a period of pleasure and refreshment.

The orderly arrangement of one's desk and one's papers is, I suppose, a faculty which develops in the middle period of life. A certain valuable old-ladyishness in the care of one's effects rescues us from a helter-skelter disarrangement of things we do not want to lose. I can hardly, with good conscience, recommend to you the elaborate filing system which I cherish in the right-hand lower drawer of my desk. To me a desk is a sort of grown-up play-house where I can work and do odd jobs, and while away delicious unscheduled hours. There is, for example, a drawer for string and tools and special brown paper for packages. There is another drawer for precious letters; yet another holds knives; while the one beside it harbors sealing-wax, stamps, pens, and colored inks. You would enjoy, perhaps more than

I would having you, a half-hour's prowling through my desk! It is the right-hand lower drawer, the deep one full of files, that pulls out with a groan of preserved memories, to which I call your attention. In that there is a cluster of files all specially devised to meet the evil-blessed day when the leg is broken and the doctor says: Absolute quiet for a fortnight!

Into it go all personal memorabilia. For surely it is not selfish to preserve documents that concern one's-self or one's family. If you are in theatricals at school and you play the part of Shylock, or even of such an unimportant person as second gentleman-in-waiting, it is worth while tossing that printed program into a file marked "My Broken Leg." If you are entering for a hundred-yard dash in a school meet, that program with the date of the great day thereon, may well find a snug resting place in this mysterious file. If some member of your family, who loves the past, and who follows the intricacies of your ancestral tree, sends you a letter or any printed material regarding your family, however much to-day you may sniff at these musty documents, by all means drop such ancestral data into another section of your file marked "My Broken Leg." There are yet other memorabilia that we all should plan to file away. Can you guess? It is a form of personal record that ought always to be good enough to keep. It will, like nothing else, recall the lights and shadows of youth! I mean,—our school reports. If we know that all of these records of our class achievement are going to be preserved, perhaps we shall be more careful about the marks that twenty years hence will be invited from the

dim yesterday to *amuse* us! The habit of orderliness hinges on having a special place for whatever is worth preserving. It is defeated by the necessity of putting such things away twice! For in our hurried life we too often succumb to careless bewilderment, and the waste-basket gobbles up in its yawning mouth many documents that should be preserved for the rainy day. But unconsciously and without effort material can accumulate which will prove a true solace when perforce we are removed from normal interests and activities.

Imagine it! Perhaps it is not your leg after all,—but your arm, or your appendix, or the strict quiet after a fever, or an enforced absence from the family when homesickness, that honorable tribute to a good home, attacks not only young but people of any age. Then is the time when serenely you will dip down into the box or the file where these documents have been resting, to strew your bed or couch with these personal materials, which, with the passing years, have taken on increased flavor and meaning. The person who is never bored, who is good companion for himself, has quietly developed inner interests, both personal and abstract, which rush in to play with him even though all the world seems neglectful.

I mention here only three sorts of insurance against that lonesome weariness which attacks us when we have to be alone: Programs of past events; accounts of our ancestors; and postage stamps. Surely these are trivial things. The creased and faded program might easily have been worn out in the pocket and tossed into the fire, but lo! here it crops up from the file to amuse my

vacant hour. I remember the day of the race; the nervousness before the start; the shouting crowds; the hurry and the heat; the victory or the defeat,—it does not matter which. These fading pages provide a thrilling scene. It all comes back to me. Now I can stand the heavy plaster-cast or the grinding pain because thoughts of long ago have rescued me from the drear present, and whirled me back into the society of a dozen forgotten cronies.

Ancestry, too, is a resource, both grave and gay. What jigsaw puzzle is so throbbing with interest as the piecing together of one's lineage! Where does great uncle Jacob come in anyhow? Where does great-aunt Ann really belong? Like Melchisedec she seems without father and mother, suspended in the mid-air of a misty past. But great-aunt Ann must be accounted for, and by turning over the letters and the documents that we have preserved we discover that she was a very real person indeed,—that though she never married she took care of everybody else's children, providing Christmas merriment for the whole household and with high-handed lavish entertainment surrounded her returning brothers with a conviction that there is no place like home. Thus the old file marked Ancestry turns the water of vacant to-days into the red wine of a vital yesterday.

Postage stamps are a blessed institution, quite apart from their energetic duties in the mail. The man who invented the postage stamp deserves honor from all who know the tonic and consolation of a hobby. I sometimes wonder if certain tiny republics and prin-

cipalities, with their fortnightly revolutions involving new series of postage stamps, do not exist principally to delight the collector of these gay engravings. Recently a boy showed me his stamp album. It was like traveling in a dream, back and forth from African forest to South Sea islands. A row of stamps from Nyassa, each with a strange animal in gay hue, caused me to plan a trip to Nyassa forthwith! At any rate, if I cannot go to Nyassa, Nyassa with its giraffes and flamingoes and monkeys shall in its postage stamps come to me. In my youth we seldom had uncanceled stamps, finding ourselves contented even when a great smooch of postman's ink had smitten old Don Pedro directly in the eye! Those were the simple days, before ever the extravagant collector splurged into uncanceled series and handled his untraveled collection with steel pincers! For myself I am heretic enough to prefer the canceled and the traveled stamp. To think that this little square of bright yellow paper has brought a letter from Wuchang, down the Yangtse, to Shanghai, and thence all the way to my little town in Rhode Island! That jumps more with my romantic fancy than to purchase a perfect specimen over a counter. The stamps which year by year are peeled from envelopes, accepted from passers-by, and ripped off wrapping paper, go gradually into the file marked "My Broken Leg" and some day they will come out to ornament my counterpane. Yes, when the grim old doctor shakes his finger and tells me to stay in bed, I shall actually thank him for dispensing me from my daily tasks and I shall surreptitiously slide out of bed and grope in that right-

hand lower drawer for file sixty-two, which holds a ten-year collection of postage stamps. Who cares how much they are worth. Your philatelist (what a dreadful word) no doubt with a sniff, would tell me they are not worth ten cents all together in the trade. But I am not in the trade. I am in the game of amusing myself, in which game the valueless things are often invaluable.

Once long ago in the sunny street in Ceylon a Singalese vendor stopped me. I can see him now,—his graceful drapery falling to his brown bare feet; his bland, rascally face; a big shell comb topping his braided hair. From him I bought an envelope of postage stamps, a heedless jumble of Oriental worthlessness. I have never opened that purchase, but when my leg is broken how I shall revel in that rupee's purchase. I shall sniff again the wondrous scents of the Orient; I shall make across my bed gay designs out of Japanese and British Possessions and Dutch Colonies. Who cares what they cost! To me they will bring hours of fatigueless play. Yes, the more I think of that broken leg file full of worthless stamps, and the little envelope from Ceylon,—with the more equanimity I can meet the day when the hard prescription comes: You must do nothing at all!

MY FIVE BROTHERS

GETTING on well with people is part of a man's life. Lessons in the warm social give-and-take between persons can be neglected only by hermits. We who are glad to live right in the midst of this thrilling world soon realize that much of our life is directly linked with all sorts of people. Dealing with every one in fair friendliness is what we mean by social life. Do you want to know how to get on with people, how to be a real friend? If so, you must study a little the arts of social life; nor should you spurn rules and principles in the great problem of getting on with your kind.

At the outset observe two things: "Social" does not mean dressing up and going to parties or being artificial. It means the automatic habit of treating every one—parents, brothers, teachers, shopkeepers, newsboys—just as pleasantly and sympathetically as the occasion requires. "Arts," moreover, do not mean crafts! Many boys believe that being polite involves being a hypocrite. The social art means a studied method, which soon becomes natural. Many of us have to affect good usages until they become habitual.

The importance of studying how to behave in broad, generous fashion is acknowledged when we see that four-fifths of life's blunders are owing not to intention but to method. Most of us mean to do the right thing—

we believe that meaning to do what is right carries with it the assurance of doing it in the right way. That does not always follow. The frequent slips in method warrant our making a review of the whole field of social contact, to discover toward just what people we shall in all our life be expected to hold out the friendly hand. And that brings us to the title: My Five Brothers.

The expression appears in one of the greatest of stories. You have all heard it—many of you often. A rich man, who had lived the narrow life of swapping favors with others who lived to eat, finally died. The easy-going feaster then discovered what he had neglected. The story shows that life's best things are not purple and fine linen—not things that can be bought or worn or eaten. Only *second*-best can be bought; *first*-best is given away, given to those who through effort deserve. Our rich man looked back on this life with a vision softened and enlarged. From pure ether he saw this planet and its contents. In honester light he did not regret his sumptuous daily feasts, but he did dwell upon his lost social opportunities. This frightened man in the tragic story saw that his life had been a fruitless pleasure hunt when it might have been a career crowded with brotherliness. He suddenly awoke to the obligations of social existence—what he owed to a world full of people. And he cried aloud from his lonely gulf-divided spot: "I have five brothers!"

Perhaps the rich man really did have five brothers, or perhaps he spoke in a figure as a seer. Perhaps you may have five real brothers in the family, but prob-

ably not. Perhaps you have two sisters and one brother. At all events, however the family numbers total, these words apply to us. For we shall consider the statement figuratively. We shall insist that every boy and girl has five brethren, five areas of social responsibility, five directions in which to exercise the arts of friendliness. And if early in life we recognize this pentagonal obligation, if we first of all become sensitive to life's manifold opportunities to be a warm, generous person—and if after that we learn *how* to behave and what to do—we shall spend noble days in a world where, turn where we will, one of the five brothers stands,—and we shall be receiving and giving in the beautiful commerce of friendliness.

Who, then, are the five? Stop reading this page, shut your eyes, and think. Then see if our conclusions agree. But think before you read.

Your first brother is the *man you will never see.* When the minister preaches about foreign missions, some people sleepily smile and look knowingly as who should say: "Here is a subject that does not apply to *me.*" Such a person is displaying pitiful ignorance. He fancies that all people who do not live in his part of the world are benighted. The farther from him the more savage they are! If others wear different or fewer clothes than he, eat other sorts of food, follow other customs, he thinks that there is nothing in common. Out of sight is out of social range. What a narrow view for any member of our human family to take! Those fortunate folk who have lived intimately among primi-

tive people assert that the same heart beats in every human breast. The boy in Zanzibar, the Igorot in Luzon, the Eskimo, preferring a candle to candy (as the geographies used to tell!), are all like you. You are like them. We are all in essentials brothers. It is left to us to discover and to claim the relationship. One reason why certain tribes or races (like our own) have had given to them clearer revealed truth or more discovered knowledge than others is just to knit new bonds of brotherhood through the process of sharing the best with those that sit in darkness. Big inequalities must have been prearranged, to permit the blessed opportunities of giving and receiving. Count, then, as first among your brothers the one that you will never see.

Your second brother is the *person you will see but once.* The boy who wants to prove his brotherliness must be on the alert to seize opportunities of practical kindness. Such chances are ever on the wing, and before you know it they are gone! No—not quite before you know it. There is always a moment of conscious choice. The regret or the chagrin of having missed a chance to be kind, as life goes streaming by—oh! every memory is scarred by ugly monuments to such slow-hearted, sluggish-handed selfishness. The brother and the sister in the great human family, whom we shall see but once—every day brings them into our experience, and with them consequences trivial or grave. We are not permitted to peer into those consequences, we can only grasp the chance every day to do a kind deed—like a Boy Scout—caring only to do it, gladdened by

the romance of adding one mite to the world's store of friendliness. Illustrations of our chances to be brother to the person we shall see but once abound in every mind and come every day. You will have such an opportunity before sunset; for life, which requires of us to develop great souls, richly spreads before us materials for the making.

You will be surprised at your third brother. It is the *person whom you do not like.* There are people whom we like more than others, and consequently others that we like less! We need not try to invent a moralizing escape from the more and less of human affinities. No doubt they are meant to be. It is not wicked to like Tom better than Dick. The trouble comes when we dislike Dick. If you take your dislikes out and examine them, if you try to explain them, often they seem paltry and unfounded. Our dislikes generally spring from ignorance of others or conceit about ourselves. To know all is to pardon nearly all. Often, too, our little hatreds spring from a notion that it makes us interesting to have and to cherish antipathies. Somehow we think it adds spice to talk and strength to character if we possess enemies! Normal boys and girls regard such enemies as unnatural. And that is because we do not early develop dislikes—the need of emphasizing the third brother comes later on. It is well to recognize in time the pitfall of petty dislikes.

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.
But only this I know full well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell!"

To speak of a person as "my Doctor Fell" is used as an excuse for unbrotherliness. But who are we that we should hate or ridicule or despise? Life permits hosts of friends and wide areas for love, but not a hand's breadth for hatred. That person whom I dislike I shall *will* to know and hence at least to understand. That person whom I laugh at—I shall gaze at his face as if I would draw it, finding there the deep, sad marks of our common human pilgrimage. I shall take my pet aversion and by the alchemy of the heart's best promptings turn him into a brother.

You have already guessed the fourth of the five brothers. If the third is a person whom we thought we did *not* like, the next is the person we surely *do* like. *The fourth of life's brothers is the friend.*

The best time for making friends is before a man is twenty-one years old. Generally, he comes into his heritage of friends before he inherits any lesser boon. The greater good comes first. As we grow older the tentacles of attracting and holding draw in. Youth is the hour for making friends and learning how to keep them. So obviously enviable is the state of friendship that no young person needs to be exhorted thereto. And yet, be it here noted: if we want to have, we must learn to win and to keep. Having a friend includes being a friend. Some people go through life, like the rich man above referred to, sociable yet lonesome. Imagine not having a friend! Such a condition is common, and is directly owing to a failure to realize the obligations of being a friend. To have friends you do not need attract-

ing influences such as money for treats or a rowboat or an automobile. To make friends we only need an unselfish, perceptive nature.

And last,—we place it as a climax and not as an afterthought,—who shall the fifth brother be? In this review of human sociability we have gone from Zanzibar to the boy round the corner, but have we forgotten the hearth at home? No, the first obligation of general, gentle friendliness is in our own family. Charity is not the only virtue that begins at home—they all do. Let none of us deserve the slurring title: Street angel, household devil. Let us keep our best, our gentlest and our strongest for our loved ones at home. We should not permit ourselves to be any more polite to outsiders than we have been and are to insiders! The first obligation of being a brother is toward that one who is by *position*—not by choice or by moral conviction, but by position—our friend. Our nearest of kin should be our best friends. But if that is not in every case achievable, let us not conclude that home may degenerate into a sort of bear garden, where growling is the expected privilege.

"Home," says a speaker in a recent poem, "is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." "No," comes the gentle correction: "I should have called it something that somehow needn't be deserved."

There you have it! Home is that set of tender associations which, because it need not be deserved, but is a matter of course and is subjected to hard daily use,

needs the most careful guarding, the gentlest technique of brotherliness, the most generous uses of the heart. Study well that fifth brother of yours, the one who without romance or glamour is your brother by position and by gift.

Those are the five brothers whom every boy or girl may claim. So conceived, our world becomes a great drama of possibilities; so lived, life never grows stale, but on every side invites us to brotherhood and to service.

MY HEALTH

A STATUE of a soldier ennobles the grounds of one of our American schools. Humble admiration overcomes you as you gaze at the sturdy yet graceful figure, and you fall to wondering what the specially powerful note of the bronze young soldier is. Is it quiet courage? Is it a clear purity of nature? The bracing message of the statue is a combination of clean hands and pure heart best expressed by the word Health. More than freedom from a medicine bottle and a tablespoon, greater than a serviceable body, health is that beauteous harmony reigning in every department of our being which enables us to produce and endure without flinching, and to sing while we work. The obvious lesson to carry away from communion with that statue is: I can be like that. Yes, the tonic gospel from all associations with great achievement is: I can be like that. There are, no doubt, grades of genius and diversities of gifts; but the essential boons of life are offered to us all; and, given fair conditions, we may achieve them. Far though my readers and I may be from that crystalline nature and physical fitness which we call health, let all of us heartily know that health can be ours. Temples, true temples of a holy spirit, our bodies can be. So let us "go to it" and try with all our might for this *mens sana in corpore sano*. You can be as fine,

as pure, as any living hero you most admire. There are few elements in life so inclusive and so influential as the acquirable element of health. We all should have it, and all shall who will.

Some wholesome person may blame me for talking at all about a theme that is spoiled by thought! Not quite so fast, young friend who can run a mile, who can eat much of everything and who never sees a doctor! Automatic health is of course desirable. But reflection will remind you that oftenest physical harmony is acquired by sharp lessons, and therefore that ideals broadly stated about healthy living need not be despised. I once discussed this subject with Dr. Weir Mitchell, that learned and charming doctor-author who helped usher in a new era of wholesome living. Physical health needs attention. Neglect is no sure sign of manliness or of unselfishness. To sum it up Dr. Mitchell quoted from the Bible: *The head shall not say to the feet, I have no need of thee.* There you have the whole doctrine condensed; the brain part of us cannot contemptuously cut connection with the walking, digesting, lifting parts of us. We are many members in one body. The head cannot be serenely unconcerned about the stomach. So close is the interrelation that one poet exclaimed, Say not that "soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul!"

Our thoughts about health will not attempt to resemble a medical or an athletic lecture, but rather a moral exhortation. I want to persuade you to regard your bodies as marvelous instruments of power. Health is not an end in itself. It is one of the greatest of means.

Disregard of it leads to the break-down of high hopes in public usefulness. My Health, though selfish in sound, means far more than my physical pleasure, my freedom to take liberties with the body. My health means my usefulness, my ability to count for something in the community. My health means saving trouble to family and to employer and to teacher. In fact, *my* health involves *your* health; if I am careless, you are cheated; my carefulness directly helps you. Thus you see how wholly unselfish a consideration My Health ought to be.

The social aspect of health is neglected. Public money only stingily trickles toward public health; whereas it still pours in streams toward police forces and penitentiaries. The Great War brought out our deficiencies in education and in common health. The large percentage of illiteracy and the great number of willing soldiers discarded by reason of physical defects showed how little we, as a people, had cared either for education or for health. What was disclosed can be reformed in the valiant decades of peace. We must make public health a matter of pride. We must see the economic loss of illness. And all young people who are blessed with a good school training should be alive to the importance of clean streets, neat back yards, cellars unlittered and school buildings undefiled. The first trumpet call in My Health is: Safeguard all health! Contend for it in your school, in your street, in your town. Fight epidemics, not because you are afraid to die by them, but because you are ashamed to live with them. Loyally take private precaution to help the public weal, just as a man is careful with one match to save hillsides of

timber. The happy progress of a family, a school or a town depends in substantial part on its generally shared spirit of health. No more honored calling could there be than Officer of Public Health. Weigh, among other vocations, the new big field so filled with science and humaneness—keeping cities clean, making habitations fit for human life, providing a pure water supply for half a million souls. Such work of corporal mercy would make a thrilling career.

Before we pass from public health to personal health, remember one group to pity and one to admire. There are people alive to-day who cannot be healthy. Our pity for them, always practical, must clamor for fairer hours and cleaner houses. While you still sleep many fellow human beings with equal desire for progress and for pleasure wake in squalid rooms, bolt poor food and work at occupations little conducive to health. I need not draw in detail a sorry picture, for the annals of the poor are too sacred to be pried into unless practical remedy is in an open hand. Much is being done to equalize living conditions, and much is to be done. We stop here only a moment to say with tender understanding that, although we have airy rooms, wholesome food, pure water, and easy hours and ought therefore to be crusaders holding aloft the banner of healthy living, we well know that our health is our good fortune; and we shall not criticize people the conditions of whose lives make directly for low physical tone, which is the seed bed of disease. Whoso regards My Health will not rest until he makes some one else's health his prime care.

Well may we admire another group of folk hampered in respect of health, but none the less producers. I mean those heroic semi-invalids, partly crippled perhaps, chastened, but not killed, by real illness. We all must know people who are battling against heavy bodily odds. Stevenson, lovable and courageous, recorded: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly so long that it seems to me I have won my wages and recovered my glove." Stevenson is a type of many of those lesser heroes who, as Dean Briggs says, go about their day's work even though they don't feel quite well! Most of the work of the world, he declares, is done by people who perhaps feel a pain and are physically out of sorts. Much as we insist on being well and having a large health account of energy and poise to draw upon, no one should give up or give in because he is not feeling absolutely fit. Toward our comrades who with cheer are carrying the burden of illness we should show an active spirit of optimism and sympathy. Sympathy! That is the emotion which youth needs almost as much as health.

A wise old man told me that to have an illness in youth could prove a real blessing. For, he urged, that makes you reasonable and careful and shows you the real value of that health which seems so cheap a commodity! He who knows illness respects health. To have been ill, moreover, ought to give us a permanent gentleness toward those who are ill. For one absolutely essential mark of a fine boy or girl is considerateness,

outspoken thoughtful sympathy, toward any one anywhere who is at any physical disadvantage whatever.

Given the big blessings of pure air, food and water, what does private health, personal fitness, depend on that you and I can add to the daily régime? I think of habits or of single acts centering round water, earth, food and sleep, and in that order we shall shape our private ideals that will lead to personal health, which in turn will lead to public usefulness.

With water there are three things to do: swallow it, wash in it, swim in it. What a joy water is! "Praised be my God for our Brother Water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean." The first suggestion (I don't like to say rule) about what St. Francis called our Brother Water is to drink a great deal of it every day. If this paper were medical I should say just how many glasses a day; as it is moral, I simply say a great deal. The most refreshing and the most wholesome beverage in our country is water. If more people drank it freely and persistently there would be far less disgruntlement in the world. As of the "apple a day" say also of water: Two quarts of water a day keeps the doctor away. The next obvious use of water is to bathe in it. A bathtub cannot now be classed as a luxury, available for only a few. It is a necessity, and for all. We Americans are a clean but careless people. Well might we reread the Book of Leviticus to learn simple rules of hygiene. To wash our hands before eating is not a refinement or even an act of considerateness to our table companions. Primarily it is to prevent us from swallowing germs with our food.

To start the day with a tonic tub of cold water, to be careful by means of scrubs with hot water not to transmit infections from the fingers to the nostrils or to the mouth, will surely prevent—but hold, enough! I'm trying to talk like a doctor! Let the cobbler stick to his last. So back to my morals!

A very moral act is that last thing to do with water, and that is to swim in it. Every boy and girl should learn how to swim. Early master that clean sport. Certain colleges now make the granting of a degree depend on ability to swim. That qualification might well precede granting the high-school diploma, for postponing it until college would allow many to lose this aquatic athletic accomplishment. Even inland towns without rivers or ponds could encourage swimming. To acquire that art great bodies of water are not needed. A fifty-foot tank, white with tiles and sparkling with an aërated stream, would be a good investment for your selectmen! You who live away from salty seas or rippling rivers had better urge your town to maintain a swimming pool! The ability to swim befits the clean-hearted, able-bodied young American who wills to be harmoniously and healthily at home in God's great out of doors.

Next, an easy and wholesome familiarity with our mother earth suggests to me two activities of personal health: I mean camping and horse-back riding. Camping should be interspersed with tramping; our life out of doors should be open and airy. Let no one think that sitting about for days under a tent, stuffing canned

goods and doing nothing, is real camping. The very smell of wet canvas or trodden grass brings to my mind now sundry youthful camping experiences—second-rate experiences too, for to loll about, remote from home restrictions or town laws is neither a tonic to the body nor a stimulant to the soul. Be sure that your camping —now enriched and made purposeful by the Scout movement—is full of motion and air. For eight months so many of us live so largely a housed, furnace-dry-heat existence that in open seasons we should be out most of the time. Hard tramping, cool swimming, clean talking and sound sleeping should mark our contact with that mother earth which leads us to health. Up the side of a steep California cañon I met two boys spending the spring holiday on a fishing trip. They were off for a sensible, airy holiday, the sort we should oftener spend; for a vacation is not a vacant time, a time of street-corner idling, but should be a ruddy, virile change of effort. Then daily oxygenate the blood; sweat from every pore; let the winds enfold you and the rains wet you; and return to school fuller of health than ever before.

In our inventory of wholesome acts I would next place something that may astonish you—familiarity with horses. Riding is a manly sport. Shifting the levers and the gears of an automobile can never rank as a manly sport. To learn to ride is next to impossible for city boys. Moreover, it is expensive—and we do not like to recommend aristocratic sports as essential to every one! All the essentials are universals. Recently I have visited two schools where riding is the chief

exercise. For climatic reasons the boys do not play football or skate, but every boy has a horse, uses him daily, takes complete care of him and gets a lifelong ease with horseflesh. That is sane, for although men at the age of fifty cannot play hard games, they can ride. Expensive as the sport is, try this method of becoming a horseman, or at least one whose knees do not smite together at the thought of a horse! Make friends with a farmer who may let you ride his horse on Saturday or Sunday afternoons. In some way get on a horse's back and then in some way stay there! And, to quote the motto so universally true, *do it now.* Do it before you're sixteen years old or before you're twenty. For in matters athletic, after twenty we are old.

The subject of food will appeal to all. You will not find me a kill-joy, like an ancient dyspeptic cautioning you not to enjoy your meals. Young people generally are hungry, and for good reason. Theirs is the period of body and bone building. It has been proved that between fourteen and seventeen we need more food, more calories of nourishment than at any other time. Watchful parents and trained teachers will give you advice about when and how much and how to eat. I hope they will not tell you it is wicked to eat between meals. For if they do I can't agree with them! Eating at midmorning seems natural if you hurry off to school shortly after eight o'clock and do not come back until one. School schedules should recognize the demands of an empty stomach. When hungry, few people can do active brain work. It may sound fanciful,

but how effectively we should work if at eleven o'clock our school gave us five minutes of setting-up exercises, to be followed by a chunk of dry bread or a bran roll hard enough nearly to crack our teeth! After a glass of fresh water, oxygenated and fortified, we could attack that problem in algebra more cleverly than before! Let your food be hard. So much of it is soft and flabby, just slip-and-go-down. We need food on which to crunch, to grind, to chew. Perhaps you have heard of the statesman who chewed every piece of meat thirty-seven times, until there was nothing left to masticate! "All health," said Mr. Horace Fletcher, the health philosopher who spread so many good ideas, "is mental and dental." Nowadays with toothbrush drills and school dentists the problem is better met than in the days when society and schools tolerated a boy whose teeth were brown and crumbly from constant candy and no care.

My only health thoughts about diet are: Eat all you want; but eat slowly, and chew *and chew.* Even chew milk as you drink it. Take at least eight glasses of water a day, but not at your meals. There, you see, I have laid down a rule after all! Keep your eye clear, your digestion free, your breath pure. Thus you can cope with anything.

As to sleep, it is "a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole." No one should be ashamed to take all the sleep he needs. Sleeping is not a sin, but like food and water and air a form of nourishment. Late hours are bad, long hours are good. The wise young person, care-

less of being wealthy but caring to be healthy, follows the rule of early to bed and early to rise. Beginning no later than nine o'clock, nine hours of solid slumber is what youth needs. Thus we accumulate a reserve of power and poise; thus we can be active forces in waking hours. Never be half awake in the daytime! Rest and sleep, essential for all, have no place in waking hours. The well-rested boy is the well-working boy.

Those are our findings on the beautiful and valuable subject of health. Unless clean hands and a pure heart dominate the body, there can be no real health. Good morals make good muscles. Clean thinking and clean living are partners and serve each other. Learn to endure hardness as a good soldier. Keep yourself as hard as nails. If you find yourself lolling back on sofa pillows and liking to do so, then for the sake of your character and your body—that is, for the sake of your health—dash out of the house and run up a hill or take a six-mile walk and come home hot and ruddy and clear-headed. Never be stuffy in mind or in body. Exhale a fresh influence of tonic and cheer. Rejoice in water—wash in it, swallow it, swim in it. Choose coarse food. Keep your very teeth exercised!

We are going to be healthy, you and I. We are going to enjoy and transmit health. But remember this one caution: We are not going to talk about it. In that subject no one can be interested—and yet it is too commonly used as a topic of general interest. To recount your symptoms is a sorry egotism. It is as bad taste to talk about your health as to describe your dreams or other trivial personal matters. Do not be ego-centric.

As public servants, as tools in the great workshop, it is our business to keep efficient and fit. Health is expected of us, but we must not regard it as an end in itself. When we are in harmonious health the conditions are best for us to step from health to service, to *be* some one, to leave this good world better than we found it.

Quietly and privately make a resolution as you lay down this paper. Shall we not all together express it somewhat in this way: How glad I am that I too can be fine! Not all the heroes and heroines are in the books. I can be a hero too. I can achieve the pure heart and the alert body. My body can be a temple. That is it. My body shall not be a ramshackle rookery of aches and indulgence and inefficiency, but a splendid austere temple of the spirit of doing things and of being some one—and that shall be the aim of my health.

MY VACATION

HURRAH! At last, after all these months, it is coming! My vacation is now in sight. Often I have stood on the shore scanning the horizon for the good old ship *Vacation,* but never a glint of her sails have I seen. I have had to turn back to the treadmill of school, to the trivial round and common task of doing my duty. From Monday morning to Friday afternoon, with home lessons, too, and the dread of bringing home a bad report! And that has gone on from early September until late June. But now it *is* June! Already we are beginning to practice for our closing exercises. And now that it is mid-June I stand on the shore, and I see the big leisurely bark of my desire sail in. How ample she seems, riding at anchor waiting for me! In letters of gold I read her name. It is *Vacation!* I'll board her and take the helm, or, better still, let her drift. No more work, no more school grind. Why, the free days are too many to count! I embark on my vacation.

Many a boy or girl all over this broad country of ours, in a pleasant, vague way, is thinking thoughts like these. Now, without wanting to spoil the blessed months of July and August by trying to standardize our vacation days to fit every one, showing just what should be done and what not done, I venture to clear

the minds of all by thinking out with you the problem of how to spend the time that stretches before us. If we can estimate beforehand the real meaning of these vacation days, who knows but that we shall get more out of this vacation than out of any one before?

The first important day of our vacation marks the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The last important day in it is Labor Day, which marks the declaration of the dignity of work. The time between, then, is to be a mixture of liberty and work. My vacation is joyous, but it is also serious. It is important for every boy and girl to know the value of these days before spending them.

Before your seventy-five free days begin, think what a vacation means. First of all, give up the notion that a vacation is something that is vacant. The word suggests a hollow period, a time devoid of anything special, emptied of duty, without even a schedule of pleasures. Such an idea will lead to mishap. If the pursuit of pleasure is from the start a lost race, much worse is the aimless following of nothing at all! A placid and passive acceptance of all the summer days, without even selfish projects, results in a degenerating character. It is better to try for a poor thing and fail, than not to try at all. No, the vacation must not be empty. It must be filled full,—and so fulfilled.

What a trying member of a family is that boy who finds himself at nine o'clock on a midsummer morning with nothing at all to do! Such a one is likely to be less polite to his mother, more churlish to his father and sisters, than even the thoughtful egotist who quietly sees

what he wants and goes after it and gets it. Listless idleness is the seed bed of many moral weeds. The boy who has no interests for himself, who does not care for woods or books or the give-and-take of friendship, who does not wake up with a keen jump, boarding the good ship *Vacation*, and purposefully take the helm —let no such boy be trusted. Either he is ill and needs a doctor, or more probably he is just vague and lonesome and is suffering from shyness, and all that he needs is a wholesome, virile friend.

A very significant poem, and a sad one, too, is that of Emerson's entitled *Days*. It would be a useful poem for a whole family to learn. At first you may not understand it; no great work of art can be comprehended at once. Read it over three times; then you will see its meaning, especially as applied to My Vacation.

"Daughters of time, the hypocritic days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I in my pleachèd garden watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

The first resolution about your vacation ought to be to regard the days as bringers of great gifts. Do not be content with herbs and apples, but take from each day a star, a something unique, that will enrich you and make you a better soldier, citizen and servant.

Why not let this poem serve as a motto for the family,

so that when evening comes we can smilingly ask one another if the day, the blessed gift of time, has simply left herbs and apples, or a star.

Time is a tool—remember that. It is a loan, a loan that is meant for use—and the time book of the world is carefully kept. At the beginning of a holiday a friend asked this question: What are you going to do with your vacation? He did not ask, Where will you spend your vacation? or, How will you spend it? but, What are you going to *do with* it? Rightly, he regarded time as a tool, and I was gratified that he supposed that rocking backward and forward on a piazza, or manipulating gears in an automobile, or even reading good books, was not my idea of using this fearsome opportunity of time. For indeed it is terrifying, this procession of days. I do not want to be a kill-joy, or to cast a shadow of too heavy responsibility on your vacation; but truly, if time is a tool, and if life is a loan, the age of, say, fourteen is not too early to ask this vital question: What rent am I paying to the Benign Landlord for the great loan of life? On this subject of wasted time, killed time (oh, slow but actual suicide!), I quote a wise and thrifty soul. We think of him whose shrewd and kindly face looks down on you from classroom wall or corridor in your school. It was he who said, putting it into the quaint form of an advertisement:

LOST!

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset sixty golden minutes, each set with sixty diamond seconds. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

In thinking over what ingredients should go to make up a really well-spent day, some wise workers once computed that the feast of life must hold five things. And so they called their rule a FEAST: Food, Exercise, Amusement, Sleep, and Task. Though by thinking you can see wherein the feast lacks certain essentials,—for to me it seems more like the prescription of a kindly athletic director than a guide of the spirit,—one ingredient surely is rightly insisted upon, and that is Task. You can't have a happy day, a festive day, without a dash of work in it. Avoiding work as the key to a happy vacation is the silliest and shallowest of subterfuges. Oh, let our days, our July and August spells of rest, be real days, days of vital effort at something,—for the truest rest is doing something different just as hard; let them not be dead days—days not even of herbs and apples, but perchance of poison ivy and cactus. Let your life ring, and ring true, in mid-August. "My life shall be a challenge, it shall not be a truce." Let it be a life of steel and silver and crystal, not an existence of putty and of mud.

To me no day is really happy that does not begin with a *noble morning*. If I can get a couple of hours of production, of hard reading, or of good routine constructive effort—something with a dominant *must* in it —I can meet the rest of the day with as smiling carefreeness as you please. But if in no part of the day I have been or tried to be at my best, as a soldier-citizen-servant, then no part of the day is sweet. It is a day unpaid for. It is a day stolen. And who can enjoy

himself under God's sun with the consciousness of being a thief!

Work, some sort of serious effort, even in vacation seems to be necessary not only to stoke up the fires of character but to make a wholesomely balanced day. Without work you won't be good. Without work you won't be happy. So I advise every boy and girl reader to stop at this point, right here in the middle of this paragraph, and say, "Soon my long vacation begins. What shall I do with it? And what shall I voluntarily take on myself? How can I make the family run smoother?"

There are always chores and jobs (and sometimes queer combinations of them—which I call in my own mind *chobs*) round the house. Most people do their own housework. It is said that more than ninety per cent of all the families in America hire no help. That means that girls can look after the rooms; they can apply some of those lessons of the school cooking class, but not after the manner of Little Jane who

> "made a cake
> To suit her father's palate;
> Her father put it on a stick
> And used it for a mallet."

No, not that way! but as a contribution of variety and "palatable presentation" to the family table.

To boys, out-of-door jobs appeal more. There is the sidewalk to be swept at least twice a week, the lawn to be mowed, the wood to be brought in. Doing things for yourself, being competent, marks a good American. I cannot regard the shortage of household labor as a

great calamity. In the first place it touches few families; and besides, where there is a shortage lessons of self-help can be learned. Oh, boys and girls, plan to be useful, cheerfully helpful, at home! As the days pass, don't you observe that your fathers and mothers have a trifle less snap, less of what is called resiliency? Help them out; bear their burdens, which are mostly carried for your sake, with a smile—and don't spoil your service by seeming to be doing it as a favor! The time will come when you would give much, very much, to have your best-beloved with you to do for them little things or big things,—*anything*. And so, while you have opportunity, be thoughtful first of all to those at home.

As a boy, among other vacation pastimes, I worked in a grocery store, helped the sexton of the Baptist church and looked after the house outside. Even to-day I believe I could throw just enough sweet potatoes into a basket to make the potatoes weigh twelve and a half pounds, which used to be sold for a quarter—but that was very long ago! Yes, every boy or girl reader who has a long vacation coming should settle on a definite interest, an interest with a *must* in it, for the holiday. Let it first help the family, making the home people freer, so that they will not dread your vacations but welcome them as happy times, not times of vexation brought on by young people with nothing in particular to do. I once heard dear old Senator Hoar say that there is no sadder sight than "a reformer in search of a grievance." There is another sight as pathetic, and that is a vacationist in search of a diversion.

Most of my readers belong to a privileged class—the class of summer resters. Many boys and girls have no summer or winter rest. Despite the splendid efforts made to prevent child labor, many young lives lose the sunshine of school or holiday by enforced toil. That is still another reason why we should in a sense consecrate our holiday, regarding it as a time of personal improvement, coupled with cheery service in the family, in the neighborhood, and perhaps in the city or town where we live. When Labor Day comes, if we have passed a proper holiday, we shall be glad to go back to regular routine. Plan, every one of you, to go back with bodies unsmirched by self-indulgence, minds unclogged by sloth, and hearts full of appreciation and sympathy. That will come if, having seen their value now in advance, we spend our days well, not heedlessly fritter them away. There is a fine Eastern challenge that says:

"Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn!
For it is life—the very life of life.
In it lie all the varieties and realities of your existence;
The bliss of growth,
The splendor of beauty,
The joy of action.
Look well, therefore, to this day.
For to-day well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Such is the salutation of the Dawn."

Gentle and young reader, you who are just finishing school for this year, who have worked hard and won your promotion free from summer study, I think I see you frowning just a bit! You think that I have trapped

you into a serious lecture, even though I began by welcoming the vacation, *our* vacation, with a hurrah; you think that I have wet-blanketed the summer time with petty rules! Indeed, I would not do that either to your vacation or to mine. No one covets vacations more than I do. But we must have salt in ourselves, the salt of determined character. Work is the salt that keeps life wholesome; and as most of our time is labor touched with leisure, so a happy vacation must be leisure touched with work.

Purposely, I have avoided scheduling your summer days for you. I would not murder pleasure by primness or dull it by overstandardization. Remember the motto, "Love God—and do as you please." Let us who revere clean hands and a pure heart, plunge in and enjoy ourselves without looking inside our minds. Sometimes we must needs be abased, sometimes we are permitted to abound. It is as right to abound with carefree joy as it is manly to bear bad times with fortitude. Hurrah! I say again, for my vacation and your vacation, which comes in the blessed month of June. But every day in the year let us remember to pay rent for living. In midsummer let us be clear-eyed and full of purpose. Let us throughout the vacation have salt in ourselves.

MY FAMILY

TAKE an atlas, turn to the map of the state in which you live, raise your finger, shut your eyes, and then bring down your finger on the page. On opening your eyes you will find that the name of a town, perhaps of several towns, will be under your finger. Possibly you have never heard of some of those places, even though they are in your own state; but there they are—regular towns on the map; and if you traveled thither, you would find settled life going forward, with schools, churches, homes, and all the component parts of dignified routine existence. Quiet folk are sitting on their piazzas, clerks are busy, mothers are cooking, boys are playing: all this regular American life of ours is going on everywhere in the state in which you live.

This impression of the bigness of our life is multiplied by forty-eight if we repeat the experiment with a map of the United States. Let me make the experiment for you: I close my eyes and point at random, my finger falling on a group of places where normal American life is going on—Brannon, Hickman, Pinegrove, Athens, Nicholasville, Logana. How much do you know about Nicholasville? Perhaps you will confess with me that you never heard before of any of those six places. Yet those people in Kentucky who reside at Fayette or Winchester could tell you much

about those six neighboring towns, and the people who live in them rightly maintain that they have the best neighbors, the most beautiful views, the finest schools, the prettiest stained-glass windows in the whole country. All the typical sights and emotions of our great republic are there in process. The boys of Logana, Kentucky, are fundamentally just like the boys of Cherryville, Pennsylvania, or Wickford, Rhode Island, or Aurora, Oregon. In thousands of towns, in hundreds of thousands of streets, literally in millions of homes, you will find families, those centers of loyalty and love. Families are the power plants that generate light and heat for America.

Think of our great country and then picture to yourself numberless families sitting by the evening lamp—Tom and Jane and William and Sally, all learning to be good citizens and good Christians in the sheltering and sensible arms of a happy home. Father reads his paper, mother mends the stockings (oh, such holes!), sister knits or studies, and you work on your home lessons. Perhaps a fire crackles on the hearth; perhaps some neighbor adds flavor to the evening. In this quiet association boys and girls all are finding nourishment for character, for the family is the unit of power from which leaders and saviors of society spring.

Any boy, after a little reflection, can realize what he gains from happy family life. The benefits are obvious. Our purpose is not so much to praise an institution that every one admires as to find out what contribution we can make thereto. After this glimpse at the bigness of our country and its myriad homes, let each young reader

in reference to his own family ask: What can I do to be worthy of my family, and how can I keep it a strong and happy group? My family is the best thing in my life—what can I be and do to leave that good thing better even than I found it?

One point of utility should first be mentioned. The family that normally consists of a number of daytime-working individuals should learn to appreciate its increased value as a group. We should seize and revel in and use our evenings, all together. The climate of this temperate zone provides us with a housed evening. Have you ever thought that such evenings are a great asset in character and progress? If you lived in the tropics, you would probably inhabit a straw shack, a mere sleeping booth. In that warm, easy atmosphere you would dawdle about among bamboos and bananas until dark; and then, sometimes without so much as a candle, you would lie down on a rush floor to sleep. Often while I have been journeying through the lowlands of the Philippine Islands, my New England upbringing has caused me to pity those listless natives who are prevented by climate from enjoying and using that prime ingredient of personal progress, an interior family evening.

We cannot overestimate the value of this silent sitting together. The evening hearth is in large measure responsible for the upkeep of that family feeling and loyalty which glorify a home. Happy the little group that appreciates "long barren silence" in the "loved presence of a cottage fire." When a boy rebels at family restriction, longing to slip away and go to moving pictures,

or when he envies the greater freedom of his playmates, he is failing to value a great asset in his own development. Oh! you who dream of big things, you who want to be somebody and to count in the world, look well to the family's hour, the blessed evening, and cherish those happy times not only because they are peaceful but because they offer rich ground for growth in character.

In seeking to know how we shall behave, what we shall do to benefit the family and keep it crisp and pure like the salt sea, each young member of the group must undertake to be a lifter and not a leaner, often to subordinate self, and must patiently study the arts of social life. If you will think about it, you may agree that there are three fundamental parts of family life, three directions in which each of us after careful study can make a contribution. The first we shall call speech; the second, behavior; the last, activity.

Our first direction wherein a boy or girl can make the family happy concerns speech. Half of character hinges on this faculty of talking and keeping still. You may remember that after the monkey and the parrot had separated themselves from a mass of flying fur and feathers, the parrot ruefully remarked, "The trouble with me is I talk too much." Many of us might penitently quote the parrot. Nature, with silent and universal planning, has fashioned us to be twice as ready to hear as to speak—for are we not each outfitted with two ears and only one tongue? Good books buttress your own experience by tracing much human trouble

directly to the tongue. Now, this is bound to prove true in families, because the family is a place not so much of doing as of *being*. In school or in the shop or in business, the goal is to *do*. At home we simply *are*. Rest and readjustment belong in the home. Too many of us fill these normal spaces with words, words, words. A certain eminent general, it is said, could be silent in six languages. How many of us find it all too hard to be silent in one!

The boy or girl who will gladly study and take pains to make a family happy must first of all learn how to master the faculty of speech. "Behold," cries the sacred sage, "how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" And another with touching moral poesy admonishes us not to let the sun go down on our wrath.

This brings us to a necessary crisis in family relationships—the moment of apology and of making up. From the cradle every child should be taught to say two things: *No,* and *I'm sorry*. The first is the hardest word in the language to pronounce, the second is the phrase often most difficult to utter.

> "The falling out of faithful friends
> Beginning is of love."

The simple misunderstanding, the family clash, two people wanting the same thing at the same time, two others holding different opinions at the same time, two others conscientiously loving in very different ways—all those encounters must be made up by loving thought, by loving act, *and* by words. The key to making up is

I'm sorry. Whoever cannot *say* those two words with ready and heartfelt grace can keep no friends and cannot contribute to the peace of a family. No oil can he pour on troubled domestic waves.

Teachers and preachers rightly advise us in this matter of speech to learn the arts of silence. They are right. Silence, however, is sometimes overvalued. It is not always golden; it is often iron, *pig-iron,* dull and heavy. Let us avoid the Scylla of glum taciturnity while we are keeping off the Charybdis of mischief-making talk. Most young people are by nature expansive—the second decade is the period of general graphic growth. We grow by conversation as well as by listening. Youth is addicted to fits of reticence. So far as possible this incommunicability should not be exercised toward our parents.

How many mothers have grieved because their boys could not or would not tell them just the ordinary thoughts, let alone the secret thoughts, of their daily life! Mothers are especially entitled to know the stages of a boy's mental journey. However hard it is to express your visions or hopes, still try—for your mother's chief joy is in learning and leading the secret ambitions of her boy. Thus by breaking through a natural but unnecessary silence a boy, in making his mother happy, contributes to the joy of the group. Nor need we ever feel that silence betokens wisdom! Quite as often it results from a vacuum. The rules for general talk are: First, be a good listener; second, never interrupt; third, do not talk loud; fourth, do not talk about yourself.

In this matter of speech we must constantly be on

our guard. We can never expect quite to settle the problem. Moral difficulties grow in complexity with our growing power to conquer them. The pitfalls of the tongue will be ever with us, as talk is the principal medium of family exchange. He who would be a sure contributor to family happiness must keep his tongue in firm, intelligent, unerring control.

Our second general rule for a happy family concerns behavior. We reach a point between talking and producing—a point that we term behavior. Behavior is our constant and unconscious acted attitude toward the whole outside world. This is of prime importance in spite of any bluff doctrine that would proclaim that only deeds and spot-cash moral payments count. Behavior counts, too. The way we say things and the way we do things affects the beauty and the power of the thing said and the deed done.

"Oh," some one protests, "I can't be forever thinking about myself or studying how to behave! Isn't it bad to be self-conscious?"

Yes, it is bad to be wholly self-conscious all of the time, but in order to acquire specific virtues or powers you have to be self-conscious some of the time. In the secret recesses of character any growing soul is self-conscious part of the time. Surely it is better to be well-behaved and self-conscious than to be a thoughtless boor, conscious of no one.

We must consent, therefore, to study right methods of home behavior, and, not merely trusting to a heart theoretically supposed to be in the right place, see to it

that tongue and hand and countenance embody what a kindly heart should prompt. Not a few well-meaning people are so ill-spoken and so roughly behaved that their good motives are snowed under. We must enact the kindly thought; we must catch the flitting motive and turn it into action.

Our best behavior belongs at home. No girl or boy relishes being a hypocrite, a "street angel, home devil." If we have been snappish or selfish at home, the moral account cannot be squared by sweetness or heroism on the street corner. When a boy or a girl of, say, sixteen years, has grasped that principle of right home behavior, untold future difficulties have been solved. If now you study methods of behavior in gentle, quiet ways, learning to live out the generous thought, you will find as life goes forward that the setting of motive and the rapid adjustment of proper act to any circumstances will become automatic. The principal lesson of this second point of moral behavior is that we must submit to study and take pains with our behavior. Good behavior, like genius, is a resultant. It does not just happen. The tactful family member in silence must toil and spin, even though his behavior seems, and should seem, as carefree as the lily.

There is a third way in which a young person can powerfully add happiness to that house which he calls his home. He can bring honor to it through action. Although home is a place that "somehow needn't be deserved," we wrongly regard it as a mere shelter and restaurant. The truly happy family must constantly be

invigorated by the adventures and successes of its members. Nature by mighty unseen activities is kept fresh by growth, and human nature maintains its value only by fresh adventures in value. The home that knows no increment of ozone through the high accomplishments of its members may be a convenient shelter, warm and snug, but it cannot be wholly happy, because it is not alive with moral adventure.

In all the streets of all the towns of America in numberless house windows hung the service flag. What did the star mean? It declared: "I am the token of absence. Where I am there is sorrow and anxiety. I am the sign of separation. I stand for a sorrowing mother and perhaps for a wounded boy." But then the star on the service flag proudly proclaimed: "I am the sign of adventure. I signify more than separation—I testify to accomplishment. Although my house is without one member and misses him, it is filled with the joy of his action. It is singing with the spirit of his sacrifice. It is lifted on the wings of his flight."

We must not wait for opportunities to be glorious all in a minute. In normal times such chances come seldom. Nor do we need the tense days of battle to bring out our heroism. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Before the great conflict began there might have been service flags in many a window, betokening heroes and heroines within who had never shouldered a gun or nursed soldiers under fire.

To keep the family happy because vital by activity, we must not wait for any actual call to arms. It is true that the war waked many out of lethargy and jumped

thousands from the smooth rut of a too commonplace existence. The old familiar hymn may be misunderstood when it assures us that:

> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Will furnish all we need to ask,—"

there is danger that a trivial life will be considered to be a sufficient moral arena for growing folk. We must combat such a smug doctrine, knowing well that there is always a downward pull that would keep us in the lowlands, off the high places, and falsely bid us be contented with a little life of little deeds in a little street of a little town. That will mean a little America.

> "O young mariner,
> Down to the haven
> And launch your vessel,
> And crowd your canvas."

That is the spirit of growth and adventure which will keep the family happy and which will fill the country with big men. Remember! The leaders of America for the next thirty years are all born! Every President, every general, every judge, every prophet, every priest, every explorer of jungles or oceans or starry skies, every learned writer of big books, every inventor of intricate machines—every big man who will save the country and community and benefit needy millions *is now alive.* As there were giants in the days of old, so there must be giants in the days to come. And those days belong to the boys and girls who read this page.

Shall they say that the big things are meant for other people; that the leaders are the children of fairest cir-

cumstance; that no one really big comes from our small town? Read biography and see the precise contrary. Do not laugh, but seriously consider that the boy at the next desk may be governor of the state (some one is going to be governor—why not he?), that the girl who skips to school with her hair down her back may become as great a blessing as Florence Nightingale. Aim at one of those places that are big, not because they are decorated with pomps and dignity, but big because so full of power for human kindness—aim at it, go for it, and win!

All this contributes to a happy home. By fine power of speech, by high behavior, by ambitious action, the family is kept vital through visions and accomplishments. This gives our house its beloved atmosphere. It is drenched in personality—we hate to see the very wall papers changed, they are so figured over with our own ancient histories! Hotel sofas may be more sumptuous, hotel liberty is surely more complete—yet our old sitting room has a sort of feeling that surpasses all plush and do-as-you-please; for here the smiles and the tears have sunk in; the worries and the waiting, the storms and the clearing off; the happy returns with our private victories, all have mellowed the scene. The house is refreshed with the breath of our hopefulness and our will-to-do. This love of action and benefaction keeps the family fine.

And now that the service flag is hung up as a trophy of the days of the war, let our home in the days of peace be worthy of as many stars as there are members in our family.

MY COUNTRY

THERE are a few, a very few, convictions that completely possess the mind. One is that there is a loving God and that we should express our love to Him. Another is that as we have a happy home we should show our love toward it. The third is that we are members of a nation and that we should behave with love toward it. That is all. These three primary affections seem to demand an obedience which they will not explain. As life proceeds we become used to dominating, unreasoning mysteries and loyalties. Patriotism is one of these essential loyalties which catches up each one of us, saying, "Come with me in glad obedience and don't ask why." Nor ought we to complain. There is nothing especially sacred in a definition, nor can we expect the greatest emotions to subject themselves to proof. The three encompassing figures in life, God, Home and Country, all defy analysis. They do not ask for our loyalty,—they expect it, and what is more, they receive it. Demanding exorbitantly of our every faculty, and offering but general rewards, they utter that divine word "must" without explanation, to which numberless reasonable and independent beings, like ourselves, gladly bow, murmuring "I can and I will."

What shall just one of the twenty millions of boys and girls in our country think and do on seeing the flag? The country surely is very big, and just as surely you and I are very inconspicuous. Can there be any useful relation between the individual and his country? The size of the object which, as patriots, we are expected to love and serve well may daunt a humble-minded inhabitant, and quench any practical response to the words "My Country." I, for one, have sympathy with such a quandary. Just because our country is so difficult to define, we ought patiently to study and arrive at a workable set of commandments or resolutions which will turn our patriotism from a spasmodic emotion, aroused only by firecrackers and flags, into a daily, humble, dutiful service.

What then is my country? Describing it in terms of geography, an American might answer thus: "My country is that portion of the planet Tellus, bounded approximately by the thirtieth and fiftieth degrees of latitude and the seventieth and one hundred twenty-fifth of longitude. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus, has a hundred millions of inhabitants and is the greatest country on earth." Such a description could hardly provoke a sense of warm affection, because our loyalties cluster about the things that can't be measured or bought. Suppose on the other hand we said: "The United States of America is a brotherhood of free states bound together by the confidence that all men are created equal, agreeing in government by the majority of the people, trusting in God, and glad to defend the just rights of the oppressed." There we

would have a piece of the map in the sunlight of affection. Such a country we could love.

Suppose further we borrowed descriptions from those who preferred song making to law making. Since 1832 when "My Country, 'tis of Thee" was written, transformations, both for good and ill, have spread over our portion of the map. We have moved from a population of ten millions of folk, descended from a common strain and ideals, living amply under easy conditions, to a welter of every kindred and tongue. To millions of dwellers here and now the scene described by Samuel F. Smith can mean nothing.

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above."

Another patriot in our time more exactly describes the present scene:

"From every land our fathers came,
Across the heaving main,
From Britain's shores, from Erin's moors,
Italia's vineclad plain,
From eastern climes, from Russian steppes,
From realms of sun and snow:
They gather here, to share our cheer,
The joys that freemen know."

The candid observer of this country that he desires to love, not with the heart only, but with the understanding also, must sadly confess that many who have come

to share our cheer, have received but a squalid welcome. And yet another patriot poet sees scope for love of country in the very needs that country shows:

"O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life.

"America, America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine."

"My country then," any patriot anywhere may say, "is that portion of the earth to which, by reason of birth and protection, I owe a supporting service. I love it because of its many unguessed benefits which surround me and make life practicable, because of its ideals, because of its very needs. This love I will show by steady, quiet service in times of peace, and by an unquestioned offering of my body in the emergency of war."

How often, and how wrongly, we limit love of country to the emergencies of war. Peace, we should know, hath her needs and claims, no less compelling, and consequently her victories no less renowned, than war. There are foes within the body politic as formidable and as devastating as any enemy over the border. Not the gunpowder only, not even the sight of the flag only, but the quiet thoughts of improved education and of fair conditions of employment and habitation, and the infectious spread of health and the sunshine of obedience to the laws—these stir the heart of the real

patriot when no trumpet sounds. Hence our dilemma, contained in a boy's or girl's question "How can I, little, inconspicuous I, help my country?" begins to solve itself. Are we not ready now to condense these thoughts on love of country into practical resolutions?

1. Be a good patriot by being a good citizen. Patriotism, like the other virtues, begins at home. In that home, our nearest environment, is both nursery and gymnasium for the exercise of noble nature. *Love your country* is a big commandment. Too big, almost, to get a grasp on. We must, therefore, find an acute localization of our country's near-by needs. If I love not my native town, which I have seen, how can I love the capitol at Washington, which I have not seen? If I do not respect the local ordinances of our selectmen, how can I be depended upon to respect the Supreme Court? No man can hope to be a patriot or can so truly describe himself unless his patriotism begins in good citizenship in his home town.

2. Be a good patriot by obeying the laws. Love is not blind, and love of country does not mean a thoughtless acquiescence to every one of that country's acts. It is my country right or wrong, yes; but even when wrong, if we studiously think so, no less to be obeyed until in due process made right. The picker and chooser of laws which may be obeyed is the lawless underminer of his country's welfare. Lawfulness is the rent we pay for living under the law, with all its protections and boons. He who keeps only the laws that are easy, that do not impinge on his particular whims or indulgences, is no patriot. The thought of treason rightly brings a

shudder, but the easy-going, well-set-up American who breaks the laws that do not suit him is an inglorious Benedict Arnold.

3. Be a good patriot by acts of service. Love is not a vapory, but a provable emotion: the lover is ever the doer. The first act of a good citizen is to vote,—and to vote with understanding. Well do we speak of the sacredness of the ballot. That so-called humility which says: I will not pray because the Eternal God is too big to notice me; and: Why need I vote when one vote means nothing in a country so big, is not humility but irresponsibility. Such people are floating on the raft of general benevolence. In every country, moreover, the dedicated, active service of holding public office is generally a taxing, arduous duty with little fame and much deprivation of personal pleasure; but the real patriot is willing to dedicate a part of his time to the welfare of the state which makes his very being possible.

4. Be a good patriot by laboring for peace. Only the stay-at-home cowards love the thought of war and brag about the slaughter of the enemy. The brave adepts in the fearful arts of battle are the first to disclaim any delight in war. The officer whose breast is decorated with medals, and the private who has humbly done his bit, know full well that the best patriot is the man who works for peace. If his country is involved in war he plunges in, without question, without bravado and without personal eagerness to slay. But until that unhappy time arrives he knows that vital patriotism is not diminished by a clear-eyed belief in the rights of

other nations. "The true citizen of to-day," a great thinker has declared, "is a citizen of the world, and his first loyalty is to mankind. International affairs are as much the business of every citizen, as national affairs. Democracy has long since recognized that national affairs are in the hands of the people. The next step is to recognize that international affairs are also in the hands of the people. Patriotism comes as a second loyalty to be checked, disciplined and determined by the first and greatest loyalty."

The young patriot well may lay to heart the fervent words of the Father of His Country. The convictions of a life devoted to his country's service when necessary in battle, but by preference in peace, with George Washington took the form of a great prayer. With this prayer well may we close our thoughts and expressions on *my country*.

"Almighty God; we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to the government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*"

MY BIBLE

ONCE upon a time a primitive man, while walking through a desolate country, came upon a basket of fruit. Imagine his delight as he reveled in the beautiful collection of fruits piled high in the basket. After tasting and enjoying several of the luscious fruits, refreshing and nutritive, he bethought himself that if the fruit was so good, the basket which contained it must also be good to eat. And, so the story goes, our inexperienced human took a big bite of the basket! This he found far from palatable. It stuck in his throat. It made him cough. It made him cross. Whereupon, in his amazement and disgust, he cast away the treasure, leaving the basket and the fruit, and went his way. Perchance another wanderer passed by and spied this basket of fruit. He, like the first finder, enjoyed the delicious and refreshing nourishment, and after a little while he too bethought himself that if the contents of the basket were so good, the container must be good too. And so he sat down patiently, now eating of the fruit, now valiantly masticating the basket. It was hard work but he kept doggedly at it, faithfully maintaining that the container must be as sweet and nutritious as the fruit therein. So he ate up all the fruit and gradually swallowed the basket too.

This apt and luminous story was invented by a friend of mine to show two attitudes toward the Bible,—two mistaken views toward that great collection of writings which every one of us must learn affectionately to call "My Bible." First there is the man who rejoices in the spiritual nourishment and refreshment of the Scripture's page, but who, finding difficulty with the literal or local container of the permanent truth, turns his back on the fruit because he cannot swallow the basket. And secondly there is the reader, far more admirable but equally mistaken, who earnestly persists in accepting, as of equal importance and use, the basket which contains the fruit. If these two were the only two valid approaches to the Bible I firmly believe that I should choose, and I hope persist in, the latter. It is better to accept the basket in order to get the fruit than to cast away the fruit because we do not want the basket! Truth does not always place itself in these clear cut "either, or" alternatives. There is another, a third choice. We can resemble yet a third pilgrim, who finding a basket of fruit, gratefully accepts that refreshing nourishment, but recognizes that recorded truth has to come in a basket and that we are not expected to place the container in the same high category as that which it contains. We do not love the paper and the ink which are the mediums of memorably affectionate messages. We do not reverence the wire which brings grateful tidings by telephone. We distinguish between the container and the contained.

I hope that this highly pertinent allegory of the basket of fruit will do you nothing but good, that you will think

over it and under it,—and will let it help you in the day when some cocksure critic tries to muddle your mind by demanding that because the science or the history, or even the morals of early records in our great book are defective, we must abandon the whole of it. And I hope that you are not wearied by the recitation of a story which is meant to introduce us to a consideration of the most valuable thing in the world. Note that phrase: the *most valuable thing*. It has a picturesque origin. At the coronation of English kings when the monarch is surrounded by hereditary officers of state,—the one buckles on his gold spurs, another hands him a scepter, a third presents the orb, and the archbishop comes forward with a simple Bible and says "Accept, oh gracious sovereign, this book. It is the most valuable thing in the world."

Not only the most valuable, but probably the most common, too. Think of all the houses in America. Are there many in which you cannot find the Bible? It is the common denominator of all homes. It remains the "best seller" in every land. No crisis or personal venture is complete without it. When the soldiers went away every one had his khaki Testament. When the boy leaves home his parents do not believe him completely outfitted unless there is this guide book of goodness, this encyclopedia of conduct, in his valise. Yes, we all believe in the Bible. We cherish it among our possessions, even though we do not always use it. We address it as "Oh Bible" with reverence, touched with affection and awe, but it is not wholly ours unless, and until, we can say "Oh, Bible, thou art mine." That

is the purpose of these pages,—to shed a little more light of understanding on what it is and how to use it, so that we can say "Oh, Bible, I want to make you *mine*."

If the Bible is to become "My Bible" I should, in order to work from acquaintanceship to friendship, want to transmute cold awe into dependent affection, know what it is, and how it came into being. Surely the vitality of Bible messages is attested by the strange treatment these Scriptures have received. Records less instinct with life could not have survived. Here you have, not one book, but a library,—a whole collection of sixty-six books, composed by all kinds of authors, named or unknown, on diverse subjects a thousand years apart. History, poetry, biography and letters are all gathered together with no special reference to sequence or composition, printed in dull uniform type, split into haphazard chapters and verses, and all gathered together into one book under a forbiddingly somber binding. At first there seems to be no unity, and yet as we study the various books from Genesis to Revelation we become convinced of an evolution of experience and of light, as mankind has become able to bear that light. In the earliest records the human pilgrim could but say "Oh, God!" When we come into the full sunlight of Christ's revelation we find that man has moved from "Oh" to "My" and that the children of earth look heavenward saying confidently, "Thou art my God." That is the theme of the great collection. Its motto is "Nearer, my God to Thee."

A devious history this collection of sixty-six rolls

or scrolls or *bibliæ* has experienced. First we have the Hebrew Old Testament which was later translated into Greek. Afterward the New Testament books were added, not, of course, in their present order, because the Epistles preceded the Gospels, just as the Church preceded the Scriptures. In the fourth century Jerome translated the Bible into Latin which was the "vulgar tongue" of that day. Hence this great version is called the Vulgate. The spirit of nationality cried out for a Bible written in the people's tongue, so that we have the English translations beginning with the fourteenth century leading up to the great King James' version in the early seventeenth century. That, based on the previous great work of Tindale and Coverdale, made possible the English of Shakespeare and our own English of to-day, if we dip into that undefiled well which is our heritage and right. Thus the Bible has been the friend of our English race, not only as a guide to truth, but as a unifier of peoples, by saving the English race from the divisive evils of a hundred dialects.

So then I hold a Bible in my hand, remembering its misty beginnings, its varied themes and authorships, its journeys through three languages until it comes right into my room to the table next my bed, and I turn over the pages, asking "Oh, Bible, how can I make you mine?" First of all I recall the helpful story of the basket of fruit. I tell myself that the great book which records God's coming down through history to our earth, and man's search all through history up toward God, is not a book of uniform value. It does not pretend to be a scientific treatise or a collection of exact

historical records, nor can it be regarded, on every page, as guide to best behavior. Revelation is itself a process. The best of yesterday may be the second best or even the bad of to-day. In the earlier cycles of history the divine spirit had many things to say to our race, but we could not bear them then. There is a helpful phrase called the Cancellation of Development. Take for example, our Lord's own rebuke to two ardent friends. They were rejected at a little village in Samaria. James and John, those sons of thunder, proposed that their Master should call down fire on the little village even as Elijah had done seven hundred years before. They assumed that if Elijah was right then, his method would be right for all time, but centuries of development had canceled that fiery method, and our Lord, who is not only the Master of men, but the hero of the Bible, rebuked these friends who quoted the methods of the past, saying, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of. The Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." If, then, the Bible is to be *My Bible* it must be by reason of a compelling trust in and affection for its permanent message. I must learn to recognize the basket, gratefully using it as a necessary container of truth, but I must learn not to worship the basket. I must recognize that though the divine statements never change our human conceptions of those statements go from good to better, and that what was justifiable behavior in the day of Elijah, is not the conduct of the followers of the Prince of Peace.

Having then settled these difficulties, I hold the Bible

in my hands and say, "How shall I use you, dear Bible, and how do you wish to use me?" There is no better advice than that contained in an ancient prayer. The method of use is to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the Scriptures. Let us think briefly and see what lies behind these four pieces of advice. First we are to *read* the book, read it, that is, partly as we would read history, good long pieces at a time, not artificially by chapters. Would you expect to understand your Roman history by opening at page 161 and reading that without any reference to what preceded? We are to approach the Bible with the mind alert and receptive. It is well to procure an edition where the verses are not numbered and where a distinction is made between quotations and poetry and prose. It is a pity, particularly if we are self-conscious, that the Bible reader must always hold a volume which displays the nature of the book. Go to a book store and buy a Twentieth Century New Testament or a single Gospel as a little leaflet bound in red. This you can read anywhere without fear of detection. For rightly we do not want to pose as pietists. The main thing is not to be defrauded from reading the book by mechanical barriers. If we turn to an Epistle let us read it as a letter,—all at one time. If we turn to an Old Testament history let us read it as history,—not straining at every page for a point-blank moral; but read it and keep on reading it. It is in truth the great encyclopedia of high thinking and noble conduct. "Open where you will, and dig deep enough," a Bible reader has declared, "and you will find at the bottom 'Do right.' "

The next word is *mark*. Why should we not utilize the greatest of gifts as a tool of the spirit? Recently a friend lent me a New Testament which belonged to that great Christian pioneer of the frozen North, Dr. Grenfell. Here was a case of mark! The margins of every page were filled with penciled and penned commentaries and reflections and exclamations,—real markings full of humor and devotion and interpretation. Do not be afraid to mark your Bible, perhaps not the one that you value as a keepsake, but the one that you use as a guide book on life's journey day by day.

Learn. A goodly heritage that parents can give their children is great passages of the Scriptures committed to memory. *Commit to memory*. What a phrase! Take this treasure and pass it through the memory into the permanent safe deposit vaults of the mind. Were you given a pad and pencil how much of this noble book could you from memory record? How much can you say of the Sermon on the Mount? How many Psalms can you repeat? Can you reproduce the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes or the parable of the Prodigal Son? I often think of that little boy, so famous in the Sunday School tales, who, when deprived of his Bible by teasing companions, replied, "You can take away the book but you can't take away what I remember of it in my mind." There are times when we have to wait, when we are alone, when we feel naked and afraid beneath the starry sky. Happy is the man who then can bring out from the treasure house of his memory and say over to his great encouragement, the very words that his Master used.

Inwardly digest. Wise council pregnantly phrased. The place for meditation for young readers is the four Gospels according to the four inspired recorders,—the fisherman of Galilee, the convert of Jerusalem, the beloved physician and the contemplative evangelist. Remember we are not children of the Old Testament, but of the New. We are not responsible for the Old Testament. We *are* responsible for the duties and the commands of the New. It is here that we shall best read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. It is here that we can take a little passage, reading it on our knees, and listen to it as to words spoken without lapse of time to our very selves. Between us and the Speaker there is no barrier of time or custom or locality. The Speaker is with us always. Every lake is Gennesaret, every market place is Jerusalem and every journey is to Samaria. We take the words and apply them to our present emergencies. They do apply. They live. They pulsate with a practical application in our trivial round. The printed page is the necessary guide book for our problems here and now. Thus the commonest object of every home proves itself the most valuable thing in the world. And we can say without affectation "Oh, Bible, I still treat you with awe but I cannot go forward without you. I have learned to know you and to love you, and you shall be mine."

MY TEACHER

BORROW five minutes in a school study hour to think about a very important object in the room. It is not the map on the wall, or the encyclopedia on the shelf—it is the man behind the desk. To know about him and to understand your relationship with him is necessary, because on right association between the teacher and the taught classroom morals are based and a boy's education depends. His parents may promise him prizes or punishments, he may be as diligent as you please; but neither prizes nor diligence will bring success to the boy unless he is in tune with his teacher and unless his teacher sympathizes with him. As truth is best transmitted personally, we shall not fully grasp the truth that is offered unless we are in harmony with the person who offers it. From the boy's point of view, therefore, not the teacher's, let us spend a little time in comprehending the man behind the desk. And surely, every thought about him applies equally to the noble army of women who teach. Our thoughts will be divided, like all Gaul, into three parts: (1) The new code of classroom behavior; (2) the teacher's inner life; (3) what lessons are for.

Old stories of school life compare strangely with the happy association in our schools to-day. Disgraceful scrimmages between the pupils and the teachers abound

in stories of the past. You would suppose that schooltime was filled with floggings, practical jokes, impertinence from urchins and withering sarcasm from the man behind the desk. As a present-day fact we know that our schoolhouse is a power plant that generates light and warmth, and that misbehavior is to routine good order as one is to one hundred.

The old days in school were not good old days. To prove it, open any history of the town where you live, turn in the index to *Schools,* and then read of the small beginnings of the district school. The teacher frequently was a wandering misfit. He could not handle any big or steady job. To the school flocked hulking lads of twenty, ready to defy the man behind the desk. When you reflect that the school of perhaps forty pupils ranged from toddling children of three to the defiant clodhoppers, it is easy to imagine the inevitable battles of birch versus brawn. In those days the teacher was all too often a picturesque forlornity. You will find him immortally depicted by Irving in a story dear to all schoolboys, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

This spirit of natural-born enmity between pupils and teachers, which got impetus when schools were young and many teachers were incompetent, is described by Miss Edgeworth in that spirited story, "The Barring Out." To read it will do you no harm—quite the contrary, for the author called her volume, *The Parent's Assistant!* One hundred years ago, to defy the teacher by locking him out was not infrequent. The dare-devil leader proclaiming fancied wrongs could, however, sometimes make the strong point that the teacher had

no sympathy with the boys. If the teacher were a tyrant or a prig, friction added zest to the belief that learning was against nature and the teacher was a hinderer of boyhood freedom.

The new code of classroom morals has in your lifetime steadily gained a footing in every American school. You are a partner in the happy reform whereby a boy thumbing his dictionary is a co-worker with the preceptor, who no longer wields a ferule. Many causes have contributed to a condition that turns schoolhouses from treadmills into power plants. Nowadays the worn sill of the door can betray the opposite of what Whittier saw. The feet that go storming out to play come gladly in for studying!

First of all, the teacher is a more human person. He is an older brother among boys. Perhaps he is not so learned as the "terrible Doctor" in school romances, but what you lose in erudition is amply atoned for in human sympathy. You can observe that no longer the man who regards teaching as a mere means of livelihood finds teaching his career. Such drudges are not persuaded to stay in the happy companionship of learners. Every year the teacher's desk becomes a more honorable post.

The second reason for a sunshiny schoolhouse is what some of you call self-government and others self-management. *And yet,* you must never expect to run the school! However wise you are, however high-minded and unselfish, the business of managing an institution must fall on experienced shoulders. It is better, however, for boys to assume too much authority than none

at all. When ten teachers undertake to supervise two hundred pupils there is bound to be evasion, slacking and unseemliness; but when the pupils coöperate in running the school, with an eye to orderliness, to honor in tests, or to protection of small boys, the ten teachers not only have more time to teach but are buoyed up by a wonderful sense of backing. It is that confidence in the benevolence of the majority which has made school-teaching a joy and which has sweetened the atmosphere of many a classroom.

The new code of school ethics is briefly this: Teachers are to be sympathetic elders who will insist on good work, but who never sneak, and who never make a pupil conspicuous either by ridicule or sarcasm. Boys, on their part, regard the teacher as their leader toward happy usefulness. They work with him and for him. They gladly assume routine responsibilities that they can settle as well as he.

Now, take another five minutes to examine from another angle the man behind the desk. Where does he live? What is he thinking about? How much does he care about you? Increasingly the teacher is linked to the school. Our American life is developing a great, honorable profession of teachers. No longer does the man take the seat behind the desk because he can fill no other position. Therefore, you should respect him as an expert. He is there because by education and technique he has a right to lead you from well to better.

If Mr. Blank is peevish, if occasionally he lashes out impatiently, remember two things: home worries or

poor health may be weighing him down, and patience is not always a virtue. As to irritability, do you not know that the expression in another's face is the reflection of your own? A dull, dragging pupil, or, worse still, three rows of such pupils, expecting the teacher to carry the whole load, is enough to provoke a saint. Your interest, your alert hand-up with intelligent question or comment, is tonic to the teacher. In the classroom you are either a lifter or a drag. As to impatience, remember that occasional bursts of well-controlled ire—a dignified and impersonal form of anger—create indelible impressions. No one can defend sarcasm from the man behind the desk; but you can appreciate and even enjoy occasional whirlwinds of upbraiding, distributed liberally upon all, the purpose of which is to vitalize indolent drags into alert lifters.

Poets interpret our diffused thoughts. Poetry crystallizes our vague emotions. Nowhere can you find a more thorough tribute paid by learners to teachers than in Kipling's *A School Song*. The old pupil comes to regard his teachers as nothing less than "famous men." Think of them not as drudges or as "dull, mechanical gerund grinders," but as men who have molded character. Listen to these lines:

"'Let us now praise famous men'—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth.
Greater than their knowing!

"There we met with famous men
Set in office o'er us;

And they beat on us with rods—
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat on us with rods,
For the love they bore us!

"And we all praise famous men,—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common sense—
Tried to teach us common sense—
Truth and God's Own Common Sense,
Which is more than knowledge!

"This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed, in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses.

"This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not we learned it.
Only, as the years went by—
Lonely, as the years went by—
Far from help as years went by,
Plainer we discerned it.

"Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow—
They that put aside To-day—
All the joys of their To-day—
And with toil of their To-day
Bought for us To-morrow!"

Read it over and over. If you understand those six stanzas, you will be a sympathetic pupil. If you can master the art of gratitude while gratitude may still be shown, you can appreciate the man behind the desk and feel yourself a genuine co-worker in the noble army of young American learners.

Lastly, *What are lessons for?* All of us need to see a goal. People of spirit make progress in proportion to their ideals. To work without a vision is to be a slave. What, then, is it all about—this five-days-a-week, thirty-six-weeks-a-year, turning over of books and learning of lessons? Unless we take five minutes more from our study hour, reflecting on the reason why we are sitting here grinding out the Cæsar or puzzling over the inscribed polygon, we shall degenerate into drudges. Where there is no vision the people perish, and the school composed of mere docile learners of lessons will never prove a bulwark of liberty or a factory of patriots.

Learning is part of living. Do not think of the years to come when you will *begin to live.* Live now and learn now. In a sense, not only is there no time like the present; there is no time except the present. To be a vital learner the schoolboy must link to-day's lesson with to-day. Oh! If schoolmasters would only, once a month, let the textbook fall with a crash, arousing even the sleepiest, and would cry aloud, "What has *this* got to do with *life;* what does it mean to *you?*" More important even than knowing how to study is knowing why we study.

Consider the value of your lessons—take three common subjects and see the absolute linkage between learning and living. If you can solve a problem in mathematics, you acquire power that will enable you to argue without losing your temper. Mathematics equals cool reasoning. It may not interest you to deal with *X* and *Y,* but to deal with puzzling personal problems, calling them *X* and *Y,* and getting a correct answer, is

vital in a man's life. Mathematics is a study of symbols, working without fear or prejudice toward a correct answer, no matter what the answer may be. To face facts is half of life's battle.

Again, what good is English, what profit lies in language lessons, what connection has composition with conduct? English means expression—liberating our emotions and giving a voice to our convictions. The good English scholar can be a leader. If your English is unclear, your thought will be muddy; you will not know exactly what you think because your medium of expression is inexact. If you cannot express yourself, you may be a follower all your days.

Or take History, that great study of the past. What has the battle of Thermopylæ to do with me? you ask. History is the study of survivals. To know the past is to steep yourself in patience and faith. Leaders must be faithful optimists; they must be versed in the consolations of history. Thus, your teacher is not dealing in dry, musty abstractions or dead facts—he sits there ready to go with you into the exciting realm of reason and clarity and faith. He is no slave driver; he is a venturous companion.

As you start for school to-morrow morning, in no goody-goody spirit, but simply with clear-eyed view of the facts, say this to yourself: All the world is on its way to duty—duty in the office, duty in the kitchen, duty in the schoolroom. The classroom is my office, the school is the arena where my character is either made or marred. The man behind the desk is the leader of a group of friends. To play fair, to work

hard, to coöperate, to lift and not to drag—in this spirit with shining morning face I gladly hasten to my desk. When I play I will play hard, and when work is before me I will work with all my might. And to my teacher, who is putting aside the joys of his to-day and is buying for me to-morrow, I will give that cheery homage which is due an acknowledged superior.

MY PICTURES

NO!" some young person will say on seeing the title of this paper. "I can't be persuaded to like pictures. And I don't want to read anything that will try to make me like them. Of course pictures in magazines and illustrations in stories are nice, and I like pictures in my schoolbooks, because they take up room on the page and make the lesson shorter! But pictures in great frames, the kind that you are taken to an art museum to see—I don't believe anybody can make me like them!"

With such a protest I have sympathy, for I have said just such things myself. But I hope that you will keep bravely on and read what follows even if I honestly admit that its purpose is to let you see the charm and the power of pictures. Before a young person hardens his mind into the opinion, "I don't like pictures," and by repeating it begins to believe it and thus cheats himself of future enjoyment, how I should like to have a half hour with him in a great gallery! We would just stand before some famous picture and look and look intently —and truly that would convert him! For I do want you to like pictures, to understand them and to let them inspire you. Perhaps already you have a little gallery of favorites in your mind. So much the better. Let all of us together be willing for a while to think about the power of art and its happy influence on our lives.

Art is public. The artist creates for the crowd. No artist produces for one or a few, but for us all. Take architecture; nothing could be more public or insistent than that art. The man who erects a building of solid materials to stand perhaps for centuries takes a permanent responsibility. His building is there, beautiful or ugly; we cannot escape it. It is either a public blessing or a public burden. When you grow older and serve on school committees or library boards or church vestries, plead, when plans for building arise, for an exterior that is appropriate and beautiful. I trust you never to permit an ugly building in your town!

Take books; they are public property, too. The more copies of a writer's book that are printed the wider is his influence. The power of a book for good or ill is fearful and wonderful. Every one can have any book, so public is the literary art. Music, too, is open to all. It is more elusive than literature, because only an expert can interpret it; but it is meant for us all. Some of the handicaps to hearing music are everywhere being overcome by mechanical devices; they enable us to hear great reproductions by great living artists; and, in fact, we can even hear reproductions that have been corrected by the artists. In your own home there are probably some records that would nearly satisfy the artists themselves. Thus music is extending its influence and its appeal.

Can pictures come to us, or must we go to them? Let me answer the question by describing a Sunday evening gathering in the house where I live. We will imagine a fairly large room, with the chairs, the sofas and the floor

covered with boys. Boys packed in tight, talking all at once, apparently as little interested in pictures as some of us say that we are! Two bigger boys manage the stereopticon, and I stand near a white screen. Well, what kind of pictures shall we have? One boy says historic scenes, another asks for animals, and a third ventures landscapes. So off go the lights, and we begin.

In the world of pictures, begin anywhere. Truly, the lantern proves to be a magic lantern, for it seems to bring before us the very canvases, with their colors, too. We have the *Horse Fair* by that animal painter, Rosa Bonheur. Every one likes such a spirited picture of horses, and every one, having seen it at least once before, now greets it as an old friend. Friendship with pictures is quickly and firmly made. We spend some time with animals—Landseer's *Monarch of the Glen*, his *Dignity and Impudence*, Paul Potter's *Bull*. Then before us as we sit there on the floor in the dark come the wonders of other hands and lands. Millet, the French painter, all young people like. His figures are so patient and tired and simple. We catch our breath when the *Angelus* comes on the screen and almost bow our heads, too. You can tell a Millet (please drop that final "t," as the name is French), because often the peasant has a bit of blue about him; the bright faded blue of washed overalls seems his favorite color. We next have a fine group of my own favorites, portraits by English and American artists. There is that perfect portrait of a lady, Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough (the boys think her hat rather ridiculous); several florid Scotch portraits by Raeburn

(read Stevenson's essay about them); the familiar portrait of Franklin by Duplessis; and then we enjoy Copley and our own American Stuart. The different portraits of Washington by Gilbert Stuart we linger over—the full-length one with the horse, the usual "porthole" replicas (Stuart called them his "hundred-dollar bills, because whenever he felt poor, as artists frequently do, he struck off another copy of his Washington and got a hundred dollars for it), and the Stuart portrait from which the head of Washington on our paper money is taken. Little did Gilbert Stuart think when he turned off his forty or fifty portraits of the father of our country and called them hundred-dollar bills how many millions of currency his art would decorate!

Before we know it, the evening spent there in the dark, looking at perhaps seventy-five great pictures brought to us from all over the world, has gone. There is just time to flash on the screen random slides and ask, Who painted that? Is it British or Dutch? Some wild and funny answers are made, but the evening ends with the impression that if young people are told a little about pictures, and if they look intently at them, they do like them after all. Yes, the colored slides, so carefully made, pretty successfully supplement the accurate work of photography in bringing the great pictures of the world near to us. Would not schools do well to arrange a little flexibility of schedule and devote a couple of hours each term to these great works of art? The time would be well spent. It would bring home to us that interpretation of the beautiful and the noble to which all art is dedicated. For the more art the public

is familiar with the happier and better behaved that public will be.

Do you realize how many immortal canvases we have here in America? I call them immortal, not to sound impressive, but to be accurate. Our country's great wealth has brought here fine examples of all the old masters, and for a young country our art treasures are astonishing. It is of recent growth, this collecting. Just think how actually you and I are benefited under the will of the late Mr. Frick! That great collector of Rembrandts has remembered you and me in his will by leaving a splendid free collection to the city of New York. The tendency of all art to work from private to public ownership is here strikingly shown. In our day we in America will see further enrichments of our public galleries, our municipal buildings and our churches. Whenever you go into a city hall or a state house I hope that you will always study, look intently at, the mural decorations and the portraits.

Take four cities—San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and Boston—and consider one point of art in each. If you ever go to one of those cities, remember to seek out the original on which we comment here. In traveling or sight-seeing plan to find one thing. It is like looking up something in the encyclopedia; you will find other interesting things on the way! In our far Western city, then, we shall find pictures by Millet (our friend of the faded blue and the omitted final "t"!), Bonheur, Troyon, Doré, Corot and Leonardo da Vinci. Some irreverent boy, still protesting that pictures do not interest him, will exclaim, "What queer names those

fellows have!" I reply that artists' names are no queerer than Bible names or our own names! If you say Jones over and over again, you will discover that it is no less funny than Millet. Rembrandt is no queerer than Russell. Corot (leave off that "t," too!) is no funnier than Clark. And though I admit that Botticelli is less common with us than Brown, it is not queer enough to scare us from a delight in Botticelli's art! So of Leonardo da Vinci; we shall not let a name that simply means Leonard of the town of Vinci keep us from knowing the man and his art, for he is one of the world's great geniuses. We all should be glad to see pictures by Leonardo da Vinci. Besides gratitude for his pictures of *Christ* and the *Last Supper* there is a humbler cause for interest. According to one story, Leonardo invented the wheelbarrow! Make fun of art if you will, but the next time you have to work in the yard and must transport something heavy, will you not say with feeling, "How grateful I am to Leonardo da Vinci!"?

You have all seen one of that great man's pictures, a copy that decorates many walls. It is called *Mona Lisa* and is regarded as one of the most celebrated pictures in the world. No one quite knows whether this serene lady of old time is smiling or gently sneering. Some people have called her the Laughing Woman; and the author Walter Pater has written a wonderful appreciation and interpretation of the canvas, which you might like to look up in "Famous Paintings as Seen and Described by Famous Writers."

An especial romantic anxiety recently centered round *Mona Lisa.* The canvas suddenly disappeared! In the

great gallery of the Louvre, where every possession is zealously guarded, the canvas of the great Leonardo was cut from its frame! The consternation among art lovers was something like the feeling that would exist in a community if you woke up to find that the town hall had disappeared overnight! Where had this priceless and world-appealing picture gone? Into all the narrative of the search we shall not go. It is an intricate, blind story. Suffice it that after two years of absence *Mona Lisa* is now back in the Louvre, where you will see her when you make that wonderful trip to Europe which all enterprising boys and girls should hope to make, and save up to take, at some not too distant day.

Chicago is rich in pictures. Its gallery is free every day, which is right; for art is the refreshment of many who cannot afford a quarter of a dollar for a brief visit. Go to see *Bringing Home the New-Born Calf*, by our friend Millet. Tender sentiment here springs from rude peasant life. Millet is not an idealist. Behind the beauty you know there is dumbness and dirt, yet somehow the artist inoculates you with sympathy for all rustic experiences. After knowing a picture by Millet every barnyard and plowed field in all the world means more to you. That is the function of art,—to catch the fleeting, intense moods of nature and human nature and interpret them as the most real parts of our life. An artist is an invigorating and valuable man. He teaches us to *see*. Thus, in a great hurrying city like Chicago, a tiny canvas opens the door of human interest to every farmyard in the world!

What of pictures in New York? From the wealth of

material in the Metropolitan Museum of Art it is imprudent to choose one. If you ever have a week in a big, strange city, you will surely visit its museums. Now, it is better to go to an art museum for three visits of one hour each than to stay three hours together. Singly seen, beautiful objects fill us with joy, but many beautiful things collected together somehow sap our strength. In natural history rooms you can spend a whole morning. Not so with art. In the long gallery of the Louvre I have been more wearied and fractious than anywhere else in the world! Perhaps it was because so much startling beauty hemmed me in and overtaxed my powers of appreciation. Perhaps that is why many people disclaim any interest in art, because by a visit overprolonged they once got thoroughly tired in an art gallery and have been picture-shy ever since!

In the New York gallery ask the guide (never be ashamed to ask questions anywhere,—in hospital wards, railway stations, libraries and museums,—so long as the question is intelligent) to show you where the English portraits are. Portraits not only are vitally interesting in themselves, but they are excellent ways of learning history. Since art began most famous men have been depicted either in marble or on canvas, and we can fix historical facts in our minds by two pleasant bypaths—reading biographies and searching out portraits. Standing before a portrait, say to yourself, after you have enjoyed the art of it, "Who is that? When did he live? Was he a merchant, a fighter, a writer or a king?" Thus you will illustrate your mind and have a gallery to visit while studying periods of the past.

The portraits of Reynolds (Sir Joshua, the friend of Burke and of Johnson, the painter of the *Angels' Heads*) stand as fine examples of the English school. In them you get the costume, the charm and the dash of the England of two centuries ago. His pictures are of a type of landed gentry that is less and less common. Other equally fascinating portraits of the same general tone are painted by Romney, that indefatigable artist who painted in London for half a century. He is my favorite. So great has been the cult for English portraits in recent years that a picture by Romney that sold in 1850 for three hundred dollars will now bring thirty times that sum. I mention those figures, not to astonish you to think that a single canvas can cost a fortune, but to assure you that we must never judge worth by cost. Only experts can say what art is worth; dealers fix the cost. In all life the best things cannot be bought. The indispensable things are all unpurchasable, which is a just, kindly arrangement, showing that the qualities that every boy and every girl must have bear no relation to their pocketbooks. As to pictures, never for a moment allow yourself to be impressed by the cost of a canvas. Think only of its worth.

We must hurry on with our transcontinental art trip. At last we come to Boston, the old snug city where so much of our early history was enacted. In the ample museum at Boston there are many good pictures, and perhaps you will be astonished at the one that I particularly want you to see. If you go to see it, you may exclaim, "Well, I'm sure the sky never looked like *that*." Even so, I hope that you will come to enjoy my

fourth selection. After a religious painting, a country scene, a group of portraits, we have now come to a landscape. It is the *Slave Ship* by Turner. In London I once saw Turner's palette, long since disused—a collection of twisted tubes and cracked colors. I fell to thinking how Turner in his day gave life to those colors, how he used them to make wonderful airy scenes. In Turner's time people declared, just as you may, that the sky and sea never looked so.

"Why, Mr. Turner," said a friend who was standing behind his easel, "I don't see things like that!"

"Don't you wish you *did?*" was Turner's reply.

We who are prone to see nature as a trig, proper plan, with neat trees, glassy pools, precise reflections, with a round sun just half behind a symmetrical hill, will rub our eyes before a landscape by Turner. For to him the world is a riot of color, and in his pictures he produces that haze of atmosphere which accounts for the strange beauty of distant scenes. Do not go away from the *Slave Ship* until you begin to see nature as Turner saw it.

Time would fail me to speak of all in that goodly fellowship of artists who in the past have enriched our world, and who by pictures painted to-day interpret our life and our world. How I should like to write about a half dozen specially favorite pictures! Or how I should like to know your favorites and make them mine! All great things increase by being used, loved and shared.

The clearer we see the more we understand and enjoy. There are, I suppose, in your house fully twenty

pictures on the walls. Could you name them now, without taking a tour of the rooms, standing on sofas, spelling out their titles and conjecturing what they are about? Let me suggest a useful subject for your next composition at school. Make it an exercise in intense and accurate seeing. Select a picture from your wall, study it, look up the life of the artist of the original and then write an account of it—what it portrays, and what it means to you. Thus art wins its way, by meaning something noble and beautiful to you and me. We learn to live nobly, by being attuned to everything round us. On high authority we are bidden to think on whatever things are lovely. How grateful, then, we should be to the artists who help us to see where deep meaning lurks and where beauty dwells! I am sure you will never be sorry if you begin now, while you are young, to look at pictures and let them play their part. Like books, they are "a substantial world, both pure and good." They will enrich your whole life.

By learning to see what is in pictures you will learn to see more clearly what is in life. The really happy boy or girl, whose mind is wholesome and active, will find in pictures both a tonic and a balm. And now, after all this, I hope ever so heartily that you are no more shy of pictures than when we began together!

MY FRIENDS

HERE is a great commercial greenhouse, a hundred yards of glass. You enter on a blustering winter day and step from a frozen world into a field of roses. "Ten thousand saw I at a glance." What a happy accident to find all those roses in midwinter! If you go outside and investigate, you will see that it is not an accident, but that a grimy smokestack arises near by. Your roses are the product of yonder pile of coal. It takes solar energy to grow the gracious flowers.

Here is a musician who sways with emotion hundreds of intelligent, trained listeners while he plays the piano. The compositions that he interprets, now gentle, now deafening, move all hearts. What can be more delicate than *La Jongleuse* by Moszkowski? What more thrilling than the great *Twelfth Rhapsody* by Liszt? Some one may think that pianists, like lilies, grow without apparent toil, yet for every note struck by the master there have been hours of patient, drudging practice. An almost heartbreaking preparation makes possible the brilliant performance. Your masterpiece results not only from taking but from welcoming pains.

It is so with friendship. Like most gracious things, friendship is alive and either grows or dies. It does not just happen. We must study to make friends and to keep them. Outside our village there lived a hermit.

That queer man found a woodland shack a sufficient home. When on rare occasions he visited the town, we boys shied away from the gaunt, tattered figure. Perhaps you have a hermit, too, and perhaps you have wondered, as I did, what twist of nature started the hermit on his lonesome way. Some disappointment or bitterness may have begun it, for to cut communications with the world takes either a strong reason or a loss of reason. A boy's definition of a friend may help us to understand the hermit: "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you and yet likes you." Real friendship cannot long exist on mere sham. If we must retain our friends by forever acting a part, the end is not worth the effort. Hermits may be weak men who, having no sterling qualities, give up the lifelong bother of pretending to be what they are not. Hermits more probably are lazy folk who cannot endure the hard work of friendship, men too weak and lazy to stoke up the fires of friendship with the fuel of sacrifice and optimism. The boy or girl who is not willing to work for friendship, to shovel coal on life's wintry days in order to keep the flowers abloom, will have few friends.

Friendship is one of three things that must be had and that cannot be bought. The other two are religion and health. Whoever heard of writing a check for a good digestion, or of ordering a hundred dollars' worth of truth, or of buying a friend? When Lowell sang, "'Tis only God may be had for the asking," he meant that certain great boons come only through seeking and asking and working. While you are young make up your mind to this: you cannot live a full, happy life

without friends. They are essential—as essential as a clean skin or faithful prayers. Why is it, you ask, that some people are more popular than I am? If it is so, it must be for reasons independent of things. Friendship is not bought by soda water or automobiles; it is won by character. A boy with a clean heart and tongue, a sense of fun, a sort of unselfish daring—such a boy will have friends. If you want to see what the world of thought says about friendship, turn in your Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* to *F*. Remember such a passage as this:

> "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
> Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Let us think first and briefly about the value of friends and then work out together some definite hard rules. For now is the accepted time, when there is a maximum of pliability and a minimum of prejudice, to plant the fruitful seeds of friendship. Once I wanted to send out a Christmas card, and, not finding the proper combination of sentiments, I had to compose a message. It ran thus:

> "May your Christmas stocking be bulging with mysterious treasure. May it hold a goodly parcel of Body's Health; the precious jewel of Spirit's Wealth; the solace and spur of Friendship; the billet for a stiff year of Toil. May you find on top the rosy apple of Concord, and through it all the sugarplums of Mirth."

Have you ever thought that friendship should be a spur as well as a solace? It is one of the great driving

forces of life. If we lived up merely to our own opinion of ourselves, how tepid and timid would our accomplishment be! Our inner ambition is balked by fear and sloth, of which we are properly ashamed. Friends see not those dogging enemies—their eye is on a bright vision of our future. Confidently they urge us forward.

Can we not more definitely use this dynamic power of friendship? Of course my friends expect from me consolation and a warm place of rest. All that I gladly supply. But my function is not fulfilled by being a sofa pillow; I must also be a spur, perhaps sometimes an irritating barb, just as Socrates described himself as a gadfly stirring his companions upward and onward. We should think quietly and constructively about other people's business. If mankind is our business, surely my friend's career should be my concern.

Jane should go to Susan and say: "You are so good at arithmetic, why don't you plan when you graduate from high school to be an expert accountant?" or, "Susan, you are so quick-witted and reliable, why don't you train yourself as a private secretary? You might win a very responsible position." Or, again, "Susan, you took such wonderful care of your mother that time she was ill, why don't you lay your plans now, though it seems far-off, to be a trained nurse?"

Such "bolts from the blue," such loving shafts from the blue sky of friendship, often awake a brand-new set of plans, a glimpse of a career, an ambition to be somebody. Plan for your friends, and when they drop to a commonplace level, by tactful suggestion or reproof stir them up. Criticism is risky business, we all know,

yet in the end kindly remonstrance is not resented, especially if it springs from wounded hope. Be a promoter of the ambitions and accomplishments of your friends.

Before we proceed, enjoy an instance of friendship as solace and spur. B—— lost his mother. No sooner had the fact appeared in the paper than his friend, M——, cast aside his personal cares, traveled several hundred miles and simply appeared before poor B——, who was sad and lonesome. His friend was in need. He would go to him. There he stood, silent and ready, simply saying, "I thought I'd come to be with you." Thus friendship in its most perfect action is both solace and spur.

In this great thrilling life of friendship we come to know some of the rules of the game. They will be big, general rules, befitting a generous subject; for you can not always predict the prompting of the heart.

Take people as you find them. This common advice needs explanation. Most people are strange mixtures, wholly surprising, of the admirable, the commonplace and the bad. If you throw into the scrap heap all characters that have any single blemish or omission, you will be lonesome; unless, in a moment of honesty, you fling yourself there, too! Why should we expect everyone to suit us or to fulfil our ideal picture? Let me put the character of two boys in the form of an equation and ask if they are worth keeping as friends:

$$\frac{\text{Diligence}^4+\text{Cheer}^2\,/\,\text{Truth}^5-\text{Courage}^2}{\text{Chronic lateness}+\text{Personal untidiness}}=\text{Jim Jones}$$

There are three defects in Jim Jones. Although he is a cheery, reliable hard worker, he is dilatory, has dirty hands and is in part a coward. "Now," some one says, "I can forgive the lateness and even the grubby finger nails, but no coward can be a friend of mine." Is that just or sensible? Can your own character bear such treatment? Or, again, consider Timothy Brown:

$$\frac{\text{Truth}^4 \times \text{Diligence}^3 - \text{Conceit}^2}{\text{Selfishness}^5 + \text{Physical Ability}^5}\left(\begin{matrix}\text{Necessity of}\\ \text{Self-Support}\end{matrix}\right) = \text{Timothy Brown}$$

Although Tim's conceit is often comical and his selfishness may be disagreeable, yet the fact that his life is multiplied by the necessity of self-support may overcome these two blemishes. Life is full of such jumbles and contradictions. When we take people as we find them we must take what is good and dwell upon it, and try to starve out by neglect what is bad. Forcing people in every particular to suit us, or feeling contempt for those whose moral enthusiasms do not jump with ours, is shortsighted. We must not force every one and every thing to meet our often petty, and as often twisted, standards.

An Eton boy once wrote eight amusing lines that all students of friendship would do well to season in the heart:

"If the good were only clever,
And the clever were only good,
The world would be better than ever
We thought it possibly could.

"But, oh, it is seldom or never
That things happen just as they should;

The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good."

Early acquire the power of personal detachment. Our second rule in the art of friendship is to learn where to be *im*personal. "What is the matter with So-and-So?" I ask about a common friend. "Oh, he is afflicted with sensitiveness. He has the village point of view." That means that he has been bounded in a nutshell and, instead of counting himself king of infinite space, like Hamlet, he has become the victim of cramped conditions, growing smaller and smaller. Woe to the person who always expects to be the center of affairs, who wants every one to think about him. Such a one starts life on the thorny road of hurt feelings. "I have been harmed," said the imperial sage, Marcus Aurelius. Then he adds, "Take away the *thought* I have been harmed, and the harm is taken away."

"Mother," cried a girl, coming home from school, "I'm so unhappy! Nobody likes me."

The kind parent, with a twinkle, replied, "Then, my dear, there is something very bad the matter with you. If nobody likes you, there must be a reason in yourself." More gently she added, "The truth is you are entirely mistaken. People do not think about us. They are too busy thinking about much more interesting things."

In such wise we must joke ourselves and one another out of that bitter slavery of self-consciousness which unfits us for the give-and-take of social life. If I am peering out of my nutshell, wondering why attentions are not paid to me, thinking myself neglected and planning to be rude in return, I ought henceforth to hire a

little island and live there all alone forever. I am not fitted for the labor and the sacrifice of normal friendship in a sunshiny and busy world. The best people in every town are those who are interested in big things, reforms, causes, ideas, matters wholly disconnected with self. Sensitiveness is a social curse. However small our home, let us be big.

Go more than halfway. Give your all. This generous spirit in friendship, this lavish giving of self without hope of return, has been described as "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." If you measure your heart offering in inches and grams you will make no friends. "I will go halfway in meeting people," says the young pilgrim. That it never far enough, for friendship begins where personal interests *overlap.*

The great friends of the world have ever been lavish spenders of their time, of their sympathy and of a certain warmth of speech. Do not check the generous word, "An ounce of taffy is worth a pound of epitaphy." Herein the phrase "making friends" acquires new meaning. By conscious acts of graceful kindliness we link ourselves with the lives of others.

Across the street a few houses down lives your friend Tom. He has had a hard spell with typhoid and is too weak even to read. What shall you do? We are always shy when our friends are in trouble, and neglectful in their days of prosperity. You should go to yonder boy and sit with him and tell him that you're sorry. The moment you have done so you will be glad.

It is one of the labors of love, not easy at first, but easier next time. We want to be the kind of person that tired folk or sick folk or bereaved folk like to see.

Remember, too, all through your life that no arrow of love shot into the air ever missed its mark. No word of sympathy dropped into the post office ever failed to help. Young people look bothered by letters of sympathy and nibble the pen, wondering what to say. Genuine friendship has its own simple vocabulary and direct expression. Do not try to be complex—just say that you are sorry or glad, as the case may be; for sympathy is almost as much appreciated in joy as it is in pain. Fit yourself, O pioneer in friendship, to be a ready letter writer and a generous talker. Set your affection high on a fine, disinterested level; and then forget yourself. Stride through this strange eventful history, appreciating the best in every one and setting out to find his best. Never think whether you are slighted or not. Give lavishly of yourself, hoping for nothing again. Thus you will forge the hoops of steel that grapple to you those joys of life, your friends.

MY LOST TIME

THAT ticking melodious object on the mantel-piece, with its gleaming pendulum and moving hands, is a sermon in glass and metal. Look at it attentively, and consider the solemnity of the passing hours. Our time-pieces are, it is true, purely mechanical methods of subdividing the great element of time. But as time is the background of life, a judicious use of these subdivisions, these hours and minutes, marks the difference between effective and shilly-shally people. It is not only from stones and pulpits that we derive sermons; we can have an eloquent exhortation any day from the ticking of the clock, or that little industrious mechanism in our pocket that by dividing our life's span into small pieces makes us thereby appreciate the more its value, and fill those subdivisions full with usefulness. Throughout these essays I have dwelt on the value of time, and on the necessity early of grasping the great doctrine of Now or Never, and the fleetingness of time. It is therefore natural that we should try to discover happy useful ways of filling that leisure, which perhaps we do not seek, but which is thrown upon us. Everybody some time has to stand and wait. The days of very few are so compactly scheduled that there are no leakages of time. We must work out simple methods of self-management, to frustrate the danger of losing a whole half-hour in any day.

Surely the time loser and time killer cannot look an honest clock in the face. Let us adopt devices of filling inevitably empty spaces with pleasure and profit.

Every normal person is at heart a tripper and a shopper. Travel, the delight in seeing new places, and its companion delight of buying novel things in strange places, are bound together in all vital folk. The love of travel does not mean restlessness; the pleasure of buying does not mean selfishness. Man belongs in this world; he is born with a natural interest in all his Father's creation. Thus every boy and girl should definitely plan to travel. To start a little fund in the bank, entitling it "My trip to Europe" or "My trip across the continent" is following a noble inclination. The boy scouts who crossed seas to share in the great London meeting will bear witness to the joy of travel. The great writer, Gibbon, records in his autobiography, "At home we are content to move in the daily rounds of pleasure and business, and the scene which is always present is supposed to be within our knowledge, or at least within our power. But in the foreign country curiosity is our business and our pleasure, and the traveler conscious of his ignorance and covetous of his time, is diligent in the search and the view of every object that can deserve his attention." My proposal is for each of us to be a tourist wherever we may live and to make curiosity our business and our pleasure, as though we were in a foreign land. When you go formally on a journey you will follow Gibbon's rule; when we have time to spare and the thought of a vacation hour is forced upon us, shall we not also adopt his plan. This is the

doctrine of redeeming the time. Learn how to buy up opportunity. Learn to be a productive happy waiter. So conduct your day that when evening comes, although there have been high tides and low tides of interest or accomplishment, let no one have to hand in Franklin's advertisement about the actual loss of sixty golden minutes, set with sixty diamond seconds.

Imagine a common scene. Almost every reader can picture his share in it. It is a railway station and we are waiting there. Essentially it matters not whether that station be a little wooden building with only a big stove and a little ticket office, or a superb temple of travel, like the Union Station in Washington, or the Pennsylvania Station in New York. It is the waiting, and not the station, that matters now. Travelers are early and trains are sometimes late. There is always a waiting margin of safety in good traveling. What place witnesses more unproductive waiting than a railway station? In a great terminal supposing a thousand people an hour wait ten minutes apiece. Let me see! That means ten times one thousand times twelve, which is two thousand hours, or eighty days. Just think, how much human time is gone in little ten-minute waitings. Or move the calculations to the rustic scene, six people waiting twenty minutes each, which is two hours loss. It is not the amount of time that matters, but the effect of lost time on any individual, wherever he may be. Often railway stations witness much longer waitings. What should be done about it? Shall I, with half an hour to spare, merely walk up and down dropping pennies in the gum machine, buying a magazine, and thinking about

nothing at all, or shall I fill the vacant time with the business of well-directed curiosity?

Why should not thriving townships, justly proud of their sights and scenes, place a directory of such interesting points in their railway station? You and I, let us say, find ourselves at a junction in Ohio with forty minutes to wait. Let us take pains that it is not forty minutes to lose. From the platform, the little town of Oshkosh, Ohio, does not seem alluring. But for that matter, tell me what town or city does not look a bit cindery and forbidding from the railway station. Supposing Oshkosh has a directory of its best offerings to beguile the forty-minute waiter. On consulting it, you and I find that the square is but five minutes' walk away. Public squares are always pretty places, with lawns and statues, and flower beds, and fountains. Supposing we walk there. Let us become tourists in a foreign land, making curiosity our business. Let us see our own country first. Hurrah! for Oshkosh. Though we have never seen it, save in the time-tables, we now stride through the streets with all the ardor of the foreign traveler.

On closer view, Oshkosh seems a well set up community, with churches and banks and comfortable houses, even though we never heard of it before. That is one of the salutary lessons of travel,—an enforced confidence in the stability and good taste of far-off people. So we arrive at the public park of Oshkosh. Oh! look at that statue. Isn't that fine? I wonder who he is? What a martial figure. Soon we are reading the inscription; working out the Civil War campaigns; following

the brave career of the bronze figure that benevolently towers above us. We examine the mortars that flank the base, and the pyramid of cannon balls, and before we know it, you say to me: "I wonder what time it is." The half hour, like all time inflated with ideas, has flown. We must turn our backs on all the other sights the directory enumerated, as we hasten to the sooty platform just in time to board our train. Surely that is better than walking up and down watching the tracks and reading the names on other people's express bundles and letting forty golden minutes slip away.

But many people take short journeys, and their waiting is shorter too. Even so, is it wholly right to waste our station time? I marvel at the aridity of our railway stations, where so much time has to be wasted in waiting for the trains. The artist Watts, whose pictures you should all know by photograph (such as *Hope*, *The Rich Young Man*, *Moloch*, as well as portraits of his English contemporaries) once offered to give a great mural painting to an English railway company, just to add a touch of nobility to these dingy waiting rooms. The offer was refused. Why should the tonic and balm of art be excluded from the places where most human time is consumed? Could not the Art Museum deposit and from time to time vary a carefully guarded loan collection in the railway station?

How I should like to know the managing director of some great railway system. Our intimacy might permit me to ask this question: "In your stations you provide for almost everything, but there is no place for serene reflection and no hint of art. You force me to be

vacant and ineffective, as I wait. You provide shops and stalls for every secondary want. I can buy books and flowers and fruit and even clothes, but you offer me no real nourishment for the ten minutes which therefore I must lose. Why don't you dedicate one little stall, perhaps no bigger than your fruit store, as a shrine of the spirit, where folk of every faith can commune with their common Father. And why don't you offer another to the Art Museum, or the Public Library?"

This query simply brings to a head our little plans to prevent the killing or losing of sacred time. There are many ways of keeping on good terms with our old friend, the clock. One person, while waiting for meals, has a volume handy, and finds that even in a well-regulated and punctual household he can read several books a year. Another friend posts a new map of Europe just beside the telephone, and has time to learn many new things about new conditions abroad. Yet another, blessed with retentive memory, wards off the petty fumings of delay by silently repeating Psalms. One thing is needful,—the will to fill the sacred present with thoughts and activities that are worthy of holy time. The wholesome mind is the mind well filled with cheering noble interests. Into the vacant mind there flock demons of which we are ashamed or frightened. The boy with more interests than hours to meet them in wins the keen, clean conscience that knows no shame. We all must wait; let us be productive waiters. When we are delayed, let it be a serene delay. Unscheduled time to spare will come to everybody. Will you lose it? Will you kill it? Or will you redeem it, and fill it full?

MY SPRINGTIME

A RED-LETTER DAY at the beginning of spring is an absolute moral necessity. The varied seasons bring their special messages, and each rouses in us its special response. At the time of autumn fruitfulness we love to celebrate the bounteous feast of Thanksgiving. In winter, "when all aloud the wind doth blow," and "Tom bears logs into the hall, and milk comes frozen home in pail," our natures crave the rosy generosity of a Merry Christmas. And when you have heard the first song sparrow or the timid note of a bluebird in the orchard, and have seen the crocuses pushing up between the leaves, something in you says with fervor: It must be Easter time. It is time for Easter! Yes, we long for a physical and moral red-letter day to usher in the spring.

The name of the season is just another word for Easter Day. For what is "spring" but the lively symbolic description of the special event of Easter and of all the resurrections that follow in its train? Easter spreads its tonic message throughout the season that it crowns. Just as the keynote of Easter is the happy assurance that life is lord of death, so the season of spring rushes in with a challenge of vitality and tells us all to be physically and morally on our marks, get set, and go! Certainly "fall" is a misnomer for the

season of fruition. But spring is a word that paints the action of birth and rebirth, of life and life triumphant. Shall we not then catch the spirit of this season, so vital and so full of hope? Shall we not learn the living message of this day, the quintessence of springtime, and win from Easter just that tremor of new life which every bird and every bud is showing? Else how tragic for us to walk head downward, unresponsive, while the very beasts that perish seem in their lowly measure to answer the Easter call.

What then does Easter Day mean? Boys and girls of Ohio and Georgia and Connecticut, and of all the forty-five other states that spangle our banner,—so far away from that empty Judean tomb, yet so near to Him who broke its seal,—what will Easter, the heart of springtime, mean to you, deep down in your heart, this very Easter Day?

The first message of Easter is the *vitality of Truth.* Truth cannot be quelled or killed. It is independent of the human thinker. We cannot create or destroy the Truth. It is. It transcends time and creation. Before Abraham was, Truth is. Easter, visibly showing that positive life conquers negative death, proclaims the basal creed that Truth has been, is and ever will be so. Am I getting beyond you—you, whose brows are knitted as you face the old world, the world that is ever new? Am I juggling with words? Try to explain it in this way to yourself: In the theater the scenic artist employs distance to complete his illusion. You must not go too near. You must beware of familiarity! That

lovely landscape is just painted canvas and netting. That mellow distance rests on nothing but dusty lumber. With Truth it is all the other way. The nearer you get the better. Come and see, taste and see, handle and see—these are Truth's invitations. Before even we learn the creed of our religion let us grasp the creed on which all creeds repose—that you cannot get behind Truth nor will it ever disappoint you. The nearer the fairer; the nearer the clearer; the nearer the dearer. The trustworthiness of Truth is the creed behind all creeds. That is the first trumpet call of Easter.

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That, though I perish, Truth is so."

Again, Easter disciples will quickly discern a certain glistening purity in the season, urging them toward *moral renovation.* Consider the Easter lily and be ennobled. I defy you to pluck that saffron crocus in the garden and not feel the chaste charm of springtime. Can you stand on the margin of the woodland, alive to the awakening of spring and not experience an ecstasy, a standing out from yourself, filled with long, long thoughts of destiny and daring that you would be half abashed to confess? Yes, Easter puts spring into the conscience. A throbbing desire for whatsoever things are true and of good report fills these dingy hearts of ours. For, after all, they *are* dingy. Perhaps it is owing to our very devotion to routine and duty that somehow we rub the glistening sheen from human life. Living ought to be such fun, and yet what a succession of chores we make of it! Then comes Easter, with its cen-

tral conquering Figure, resplendent in the garden, putting to shame our dingy dutifulness as well as our shoddy second-rateness. All of us, the good and the indifferent, need this Easter tonic of the new start, the new method, the new view. To the good, Easter says: "Cheer up, love God and do as you please." And to the rest of us who are discontented with our winter life, Easter calls: "Awake! Look forward, and not back! Doff the old ways, don the shining armor of the new day." The central moral message of Easter, I am sure, is this: Be not dingy and dowdy in your dutifulness, but live with a smile and a cheer; or, as an ancient seer expressed it, "Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song."

This putting on of shining moral armor, this starting out anew, suggests a third message of Easter to the modern girl and boy. It is the message of the *necessity of newness.* Now, some people interpret Easter newness as simply newness of clothes. There is a certain moral value in new clothes. They encourage self-respect. And sometimes we can change our mind when we change our clothes. Thus far, then, changes of raiment serve a useful turn. The boy who wears a bright new tie or the girl pleased with her nice new hat on Easter morning is behaving naturally. Neatness is laudable. Trigness is a little compliment that we pay society. But listen to this, the dictum of a keen observer, the head of a large department store: "Easter is a distinctly selfish period. At that time nearly every one who enters my store is bent on some purchase for

his or her personal use. On the other hand, at Christmas all is changed. Every purchaser is pretty certain to have in view one or two gifts that he can make." That is our own experience. We remember the jolly crowds of jostling, bundle-laden Christmas shoppers, their mystery and humor. We have seen, too, the tense acquisitive faces of the Easter purchasers.

Easter a selfish season! How comes it so? If we give presents to friends and the needy at Christmas time because of the Big Present once lovingly given to the world, shall we celebrate Easter, the feast when that Gift was made ours forever, by merely decorating ourselves and making presents to ourselves? For repentance we are enjoined to rend our heart and not our garment. For grateful praise, not new clothing but renewed character will be the proper medium. Try not to let the innocent symbolism of a bit of finery degenerate into the selfish slavery of clothes. It is wide of the mark of the season's message. Easter withers in the oppressive vacuum of selfishness. But the sunny freshness of altruism makes it blossom with meaning.

Easter is the heart of springtime. Let it prove for us the gate into a fresher and freer realm. Believe more fundamentally, live more brightly, share more readily. The beauty and the lilt of spring are divine suggestions to us children of men to rise from our dead selves to higher things. Behold and listen! With untutored praise the birds and the flowers about us seem to celebrate our Easter Day. They offer all their gayety and all their gladness. Shall our springtime spirit be less fresh and less complete than theirs?

MY RELIGION

AS I write this paper I have for my inner motto, "Deliver me from vanity and lies." For whoever tries to make religion clear to another person must eschew every taint of the superficial as well as every half-truth. Never before when I have sat with pen in hand have I wanted to be so simple, so crystal clear, so absolutely at one with truth; for these words not only may do no good but may do harm by pointing your mind away from those verities that people have held from the beginning. You can readily see why in writing about religion I wish above everything to tell the truth.

First of all, we should have a definition of religion. To describe the experience of the duties of religion is useless until we know what religion is. The word signifies something that binds. In the time of the ancient Romans a *religio* meant something that tied two things together. During the days of Cæsar when a boy came back from fishing with his father he used a *religio* perhaps to keep the skiff tied to the moorings. It was also a *religio,* or thong, the other end of which was fastened to a sturdy oak, that enabled the swaying sapling to stand straight. In time the word was used to indicate things less material than boats and trees. The loyalty and love of a family—the thing that held it together—was *religio.* The word implied an obligation. The

root *lig* put the law into *lex* and the authority into *lictor*. You can now understand how the word religion came to mean that blessed obligation, that invisible tie, which kept two things or two persons in close association. Religion is the force and practice in life that holds two things together.

When we ask what the two things are we find ourselves becoming more involved. Though my religion is a different thing from my creed or my church,—since it is more inclusive than either,—and though it embraces what we shall do,—since it is a constant activity of heart and hand,—we cannot describe the happy duties of it until we have learned what the two things are that religion holds together. Unless we find those two dominating truths we shall be building on the sand.

My religion is founded first of all on the fact that there is a Loving Father. Of the four words "*I believe in God*" the most important is the last. We do well to enrich our minds with the well-nigh universal assurance that God exists. That assumption is beyond ordinary proof. That we take the existence of God for granted indicates that we cannot really think straight about anything without first admitting that supreme truth. The greatest of all teachers spent no time in proving the existence of God. His revelations concerned the nature of God Who is and our responsibilities to Him. When we ask what sort of god God is we must always remember that in order to exist He need not be of our nature. What human beings think of Him or of His mode of existence has no bearing this way or that on the circumstance of His being. Only so far as He wills it is He

dependent on man. By believing in Him we do not call Him into being; by not believing in Him we do not move Him into darkness. Such thinking affects us, but does not affect the one we think about. God is. I believe sincerely that our selfishness or our forgetfulness wounds the heart of God. Read Browning's *The Boy and the Angel* to see what I mean. But being selfish or forgetful is different from vaguely thinking that somehow what we think about God changes God. God forbid! Man does not make God. The eternal existence of a Supreme Person is a mystery that we do not understand. There are whole far-off ranges of truth that we shall never comprehend or perhaps not even apprehend. When Augustine observed children on the shore trying to pour the ocean into a tiny hole in the sand, he reflected that when we restlessly would put into the human mind the immensity of God's life and love we attempt a like task. No one can do it. To say so is not to disparage the beauty or the validity of the truth we have. We can have all of both that we need. Sufficient truth has been revealed to us for our highest thinking and noblest living. When a person believes in God's being and in God's love he is mentally at truest pitch.

Of the four words "I believe in God" the second in importance is the word "I." The other great truth about life is the meaning behind that word. Here we have the second of the two things that religion binds together. Without the thought of God we could have no religion; without loving and striving human people there could be no religion. The *I* in life supplies the

other pole, which welcomes the vital current that flashes forth from God. Here, too, we come upon an unprovable belief. You cannot prove your own existence; nevertheless you are sure of it. We are to accept as verity that basal thought from which we cannot escape. That I exist and that God exists are alike structural to the mind, and the association or communion between the two thinking forces is the tie we call religion. Religion is possible because God wills it. We love Him because He first loved us. Religion is not an invention that man has made or an ornament that man has added to life; it is a force that emanates from God, and it is a quality that God has put into the nature of His children. "Thou hast made us for Thyself," cried Augustine, "and we are restless till we rest in Thee." God looking down, man looking up—those are the two dominant facts in life. The sense that the two are generally willing to be together—that the hart desires the water brook and that somehow the brook delights to satisfy the hot tongue of the hart—constitutes the religious state.

What should we reply if some friend were to ask, "Are you religious?" We should remember our shortcomings, our follies, our thoughtless prayers and our contentment with things as they are; yet if we found within ourselves as realities the deep conviction that God is love and that we are parts of Him, then we could well answer, "Yes, I do believe that the makings of religion are in me. But," we should add, "surely being religious means more than having certain thoughts. I feel religious, but how can I *be* religious?" It is that

counter question, which any honest boy or girl would ask, that we must now answer and work out together.

We turn naturally to the Bible as our authority for the practice of religion. It is the library that contains the authoritative truths. "Dig anywhere in the Bible," some one has said, "and if you dig deep enough you will surely find 'Do right' at the bottom." The Old Testament gives us many experiences of the nature of God and the duty of man. If we arrange the books in the order in which they were written, we can trace a growing insistence on the love of God and the humanity of man. A more Christlike kindliness wins its way before we reach the time of Christ's appearing. In the New Testament where God Himself is the hero we find the perfect life embodied. The daily activity of Jesus Christ shows us what constitutes real religion. If we scrutinize His life and apply the principles of it in our own day, we shall achieve true religion. No one has ever been nearer to God than Jesus Christ was every day of His Life; His acts and His thoughts constituted that blessed religion, or bond, which brought God to Him and lifted Him to God. "I and my Father," He said, "are one." And the reference was made not only to a unique relationship but to the actual communion that existed between Him as a mortal and God as the eternal. It was Christ's religion that made such relationship possible. Now let us find out what Christ's religion was. We shall want to make it ours.

In the Gospel there is a passage that describes a day of our Lord; we get a picture of twenty-four hours of His life. Will you not heedfully read and inwardly

digest that narrative? You can find it either in the first chapter of St. Mark or in the fourth chapter of St. Luke. It will show how the practice of wholesome religious activity nurtures the religious state of mind. I say *practice* because religion is neither all feeling nor all doing. The religious life is filled with those thoughts and deeds which bring God to us and carry us to God. You will notice that Jesus began His Sabbath by going to the synagogue according to His custom. The recorded fact may at first astonish us. For a long time I could not understand why such a remarkable spirit ever needed to enter a church. Is not the church a crutch for the lame? Why, then, does a perfected person need it? Is it not a torch in a dark cave? Of what use is it then to the Sun of Righteousness? But it is the fact that matters. Our Lord went to the place of public religious worship; it was His invariable custom. He who knew what was in man knew also what was not in man. For the nourishment of His own life He found it necessary in this pilgrimage to invigorate His mind with the truths that especially belong to the house of God. The truth of man's faltering nature, of his need of the bread of Heaven, of his duty as a social being; the truth of God's love, of God's willingness to care for our infirmities and for the minutest human need—all those things Jesus loved to talk of to a group of human pilgrims.

So your life without organized religion is life needlessly impoverished. I have no love for the ecclesiastical character. I do not think that going to the church bazaar will help to save my soul; I recognize many

defects in the organization of the church; but if I am to be a Christian, I must resemble my Lord in this particular: I must be a member of the church, and I must attend it. Christ Himself rebuked the church and reformed it, but He did it, not from without, but from within. When we criticize from within we are bound to reconstruct; when we "throw mud" from without we are merely impertinent. Yes, the brightest and best of the Suns of the Morning went to church. I dare say that He found the rabbi of Nazareth a stuffy and stupid old gentleman. Perhaps a blessed sunshiny morning beckoned Him from the inclosure of tradition outward to the noble expanse of adventure. But the fact remains that Jesus Christ went to church. Our own little church near by is not more splendid or beautiful than the synagogue at Nazareth; but listen to the bell as it peals over hill and dell. I hear it say in rhythmic tone: "Jesus—as—His—custom—was—every—Sunday—went—to—church."

There is a world of advice dependent on that basal fact, but we cannot go into all of it. We cannot here explain the deep wherefores of church. Only in the house of God can we receive that bread of life without which existence is subnormal. Is it not broadly true, can we not see without going deep, that the little home church of our American towns has meant something structurally significant in the lives of the best men of our country? Do not all the big men, the men of independence, the men who are leaders, find their inspiration, their freedom of thought, their tonic and their balm in the church and in what it stands for? I hear

the bells, and they are saying: "Jesus—Christ—Himself—went—to—church." Therefore as a foregone conclusion a part of my religion will be to follow Jesus Christ all the way to church without controversy or whining. Let no household reëcho with the Sunday query, "O mother, have I got to go to church? Can't I take a walk instead? Can't I worship in the woods?" The Christian boy and the Christian girl need not try to be more spiritual or less material than Christ himself. He found it necessary to go to church. For you and for Him it is essential. We won't have any religion unless we begin with the church.

We need not suppose that church in Christ's time was a prolonged or fatiguing exercise. Religious practice should always lift us up and refresh us. When religion really tires serious people there is something wrong with it. The public worship ended, our Lord found an all-day clinic pressing upon Him just outside the door of the church. Even presupposing His most wonderful gifts, in which I earnestly believe, we can imagine the fatigue of the day, for from every quarter persons brought to Him all manner of sick folk. First He was called upon to visit Peter's wife's mother and thereby to combine the offices of friendship and ministration. And then, can you not see the blind, the maimed, the lepers and the palsied coming with their divers ailments? Picture the pathos of those clinging, frightened folk as they clustered round the vital figure of Christ the worker. He came to bring in a new social order, it is true, but first of all He would embody his gospel in broadcast works of personal mercy. He in-

sisted in crowding his day full of the work to which God had called Him.

Now, I do not suppose that we should copy so much the kind of work that Jesus did as the fact of work itself. It is true that every man cannot give up his whole life to going about doing good. The necessity of supporting a family—does that prevent a person from following the highest? The second aspect of the working day of Jesus Christ is that it is a *working* day. "My Father," He declared, "worketh hitherto, and I work." Whether or not the work is remedial and altruistic, the fact that it is work and not ignoble trifling lifts it into the realm of religion. It is true that to work is to pray; it is true that the bulk of the time that the Master Christian spent was at hard work. Nor shall we say that those hours were nonreligious. Who shall maintain that Christ was less religious when He stood with the adz and the plane in the carpenter's shop of Nazareth than when He preached the Sermon on the Mount? If the heart is sunshiny with the consciousness of God and our accountability to Him, then we are religious whether we kneel in prayer or bend over our task. The boy with the arithmetic may be as religiously occupied as the boy with the hymn book.

Work is part of religion. Surely we cannot imagine a religious person who does not work. Is there any room for shirkers and idlers in the perfected heaven? Is there anything less godlike than killing sacred time? Surely work is of divine origin. Not only does it clear the mind and enable us to think nobly, but more deeply still it helps to build a better world. When we say that

God has made the world we cannot mean that He has finished it. He has called us to be co-workers with Him. Therefore he who works in any honest capacity serves God. Work is an integral part of the religious life. The mother immersed in the petty cares of rearing children has a religious career. The boy or girl working out the school task; the artist making something beautiful that interprets life,—all those things are work, and therefore they are a valid part of religion. Jesus Christ was a hard worker. My religion therefore must embody hard work.

If the third thing that our Great Leader accomplished within those twenty-four hours were anything but essential to Him, surely He would have omitted it. We are told explicitly that, rising a great while before day, Christ went off by himself. Behind Him was the fatigue of a day of occupation that had taken much virtue from Him; before Him was a succession of taxing experiences when His duty should occupy Him. And yet in the midst of it all He dedicates time to solitude. That is characteristic of the Gospel, which means "good news." Often His friends could not find their Master when a dozen duties called Him. Opportunities to teach, to cure and to cheer awaited Him, but where was He? No doubt His zealous disciples thought that He was almost selfish to absent himself from the work and the social duties of the day. No one could find Him! Where was He? Up the mountain perhaps, or on the lake, or in a secluded room with the door shut; wherever He was He was alone so far as human contacts go. And then without warning He would appear, radiant,

resilient and powerful. Jesus Christ was a churchgoer; He was a hard worker; He was also a dreamer. And the last quality no Christian can afford to neglect.

Is it good to be a dreamer? Do we not rightly scorn the idler who makes fancy pictures in the mind and avoids the pressure of common duty in the common day? Is it not possible to be too imaginative, or to be poetic to the verge of becoming a sort of ghost? Surely that is true. But any good practice can be reduced to the absurd. The fact that Jesus achieved solitude in the midst of a crowded ministry forces us to estimate highly the value of the habit of private meditation. We are not told expressly what He did when He was alone. No doubt He knelt in prayer or communed as He walked. No doubt He wrestled with temptation; for He was tempted like as we are. No doubt in wistful sympathy He thought over the foibles of His friends and planned how to help this one to have more backbone, another one to have more kindliness and yet another to have more courage. And often I suppose He rejoiced in the verdant world round Him and touched with recreative fingers the meanest flower in His path. All the while in His solitary communion He was still and knew that God was God. He was smoothing out the tangles and the weariness. He knew that we cannot make useful spiritual contributions in the community unless we are constantly reimbursing our vitality from on high. He did not regard it as selfish to turn away from even pressing opportunities in order to keep actual communion with His Father.

He always had a mountain by the sea. The Holy

Land is a land of sea and seashore; of market place and mountains. In order to be effective in the boats and on the shore and among the crowd He insisted on having mountain moments. If we are to live our life in a holy land it is necessary to have a mountain by the sea. The day will come when you will cry aloud for the solace of solitude. You will fly to your room and unselfishly—yes, *un*selfishly!—shut the door just to get things straightened out in your mind, to listen, to commune and to wait. At times your waiting may apparently be in vain; you will not feel inspired; no great thought will come. And then after an hour of struggle or of listlessness there will swim into your conscience out of the vital and powerful storehouse of God some noble thought, some broad-gauged method, some cheery vision that will nourish you for the next consuming task.

Religion begins with church, but no one wants to be just a churchgoer or merely an ecclesiastic. Religion moves into work, but no one wants his life to be "a long headache down a noisy street," or wants even to live in the dust of his own scurrying philanthropy. Religion lifts us skyward and catches us into the third heaven; but no one would dare to assert that we please God by becoming solely a ghost or daydreamer. And yet it was a fusion of those three qualities, those three particular practices that made up the religion of the Perfect Man. I will therefore pattern my religion after His religion. I will affiliate myself wholly with the church and be a humble disciple there. I will fill the days with work, routine work, humdrum work, and as

much of it as possible. I am going to be tired after the regular duties of the common day, which is lighted up with patches of true altruism, and know that such work contributes in some sense to the life of the world. I will not be afraid to dream. I will give myself over to a wise passiveness, knowing well that we are encompassed with a cloud of spiritual forces all ready to rush in and vitalize our minds with truth and energy.

Those wonderful things can be ours. Religion makes life romantic and rich. It enlarges our vistas and puts a solid foundation beneath our wandering feet. Where we are makes not one whit of difference. Truth applied to any life turns it to gold. Religion is the truth lived. Living where we are, in simple streets and ordinary houses all in a row, we shall by practicing the truth achieve a peace that passes understanding. God empowers us to do our duty. The commendable debt we owe Him and our fellows He bids us pay with the precious coin of worship and sacrifice and love and service. Those are universals. We all can have them. "'Tis heaven alone that is given away." There need be no drab uninteresting lives. Heaven is ready to possess every desolated heart. Quietly we can become saints and heroes. It is the miracle of the blessed tie of religion. For as soon as we begin really to practice it, really to worship, really to work, really to dream, lo, how abundant every day becomes! How it glistens with opportunity, how it glows with meaning!

MY RELATIVES

A LONG low room with gloomy, cobwebby beams. At either end sunshine floods through tiny windows. Under the eaves a flax wheel has fallen dejectedly forward on its knees; clothes are hanging from rafter pegs—have hung there so long that they seem to have cracked in their folds. Wide floor boards a century old and rafters rippled by the strokes of an adz. In the central gloom sit trunks, chests and boxes, brave with brass nails or sleek with unshorn leather. The smell, oh, the unforgettable smell of shingles through which rain has leaked and dried—shingles sagged by winter snows and shrunk by summer suns! And about the whole dim triangular apartment the murmur of innumerable bees and the sweet aroma of beeswax.

Do you know where we are? Have you guessed what all this describes? Have you ever seen a place like it? Can you imagine and sniff out this musty sunshot gloom? Well, it is an old attic, the family attic, with trunks full of faded yellow letters,—perchance wonderful finds of postage stamps and queer gaunt postmarks too!—with discarded furniture that makes our modern golden oak look the vulgar newcomer that it is. Over there, dustily dangling on its peg, yet possessed of a true austere dignity, behold the beaver hat! Put it on! It comes down over your ears! What is this

rush of sentiment that it brings, this sympathy with all that the attic contains and stands for? The old beaver hat of your ancestors mysteriously transmits to your brain the spirit of the past, the meaning of the years gone by, and interprets the hopes and the struggles of that line of forgotten folk who helped to make you what you are.

Happy the young person whose family has or has had such an attic. It is a shrine worthy of pious pilgrimage. On a lazy summer afternoon a boy, sitting idly in the attic, perchance looking seaward through the window at the end,—how the globe-bodied spiders flick away as he creaks it open!—could enrich his mind with daydreams of the voyages and journeys those brass-nailed boxes have made. To be congratulated is the boy who in such melodious, honeyed surroundings has conjured up his ancestors—his great-great-uncles and his great-great-grandmothers—and has set aside the little interruptions that make to-day seem the only time, in order to revel in the big impersonal events of long ago.

So then let us plunge right in and each of us ask, What sort of man was my great-grandfather? As a matter of genealogy it should be observed that every person has four great-grandfathers; but somehow without regard to their habits or habitats usually we good-naturedly roll four distinct old gentlemen into one! Let it be a topic for family catechism at supper to-night: What kind of man was our great-grandfather? For myself I stop and smilingly call up the past. This grimy striving city evaporates. Gone are the crowded market

square, the relentless pavement and the motorized traffic; and gone also, as we go backward, are undoubted comfort, hygiene and beauty. There appears a sparse, rugged scene. For we must remember with honest accuracy that our background was rough. A century ago there was probably not a single clipped lawn in all America. A rutted road leads to the college on the hill —the college with its two brick dormitories, in front of which I picture a group of lanky youths wearing claw-hammer coats. They all have beaver hats, and, yes, I recognize mine that hangs upon the peg in our attic! What are they discussing with such earnestness? Perhaps it is General Harrison's retreat to Fort Meigs and his relief by the brave Kentuckians. Or perchance word has just come that the *Hornet* has captured the *Peacock* off the coast of Guiana. I'm sure they called it Ginney! One of the group,—he of my beaver hat,— sitting in his room later, with his quill pen squeaking across the page, writes this letter home:

"HONORED SIR (thus they addressed their fathers years ago). When you journey hither to accompany me back from college will you strap to my horse two saddlebags. And may I boldly request you to send to me now, to enable me to meet my expenses to the end of term, as much as one dollar?

Your dutiful and devoted son,
TIMOTHY."

This modest request reminds us that when the wit was told that Washington threw a half dollar across the Delaware he observed that money went farther in those days!

Now, even if you have no such attic, remember that

we all have ancestors! Economical modern architects may cheat us of attics, so that there is hardly room to crawl between second-story ceiling and the roof! But every one has ancestors, and just the same number of essential ones. My picture of the boy in the beaver hat may seem to you impossibly old-fashioned. To me it is real, for I've clapped it down over my ears in reverence for my ancestors—or was it for some reason less solemn?—a dozen times. Perhaps your lot is cast in a lively young town in a hustling Western community far from the "piratey" ever-so-ancient New England States. But whether we are denizens of crooked lanes shaded by immemorial elms or of straight asphalt walks bordered by trig little maples, we all have ancestors! And before we contemplate our relatives, seeking for a happy appreciation how to make the most of them and how to do the most for them, let us consider our ancestors, those members of our family removed from us only by the trifling incident of time. The truly educated person is he who feels at home anywhere and at any time. Mentally he is contemporary with all great persons and events. Of course our main business in life is bound up with to-day, and our responsibility rests in to-morrow, but surely we should cultivate a contemporaneous feeling with the past. The old days were real days full of real folk. The historical sense that the educated man exercises toward Achilles and Alcibiades and Aristides, toward Peter and Paul, toward Cabot and Christopher Columbus, toward Bruce and Wallace,—you see I've got clear of those teasing alliterations!—we can each personally and privately direct toward our

ancestors, those noble people, oft forgotten and unsung, who patiently await our acquaintance. With those heroes and heroines of our family history we may well want to act the contemporary.

Surely we live too contentedly and exclusively in the present. We make such a pompous virtue of being efficient and up-to-date that we forget the rocks whence we were hewn. Not so much for family pride as for family gratitude should we scan the past. There is food for reflection in the rude heraldry of many of our state seals. Turn to the first pages in the dictionary and study the emblazoned seals of the states. See the anchor of old maritime Rhode Island, the Indian who menaced the early settlers in Massachusetts, the plow of Tennessee. This heraldry makes us grateful. I do not mean that we need scorn the emblems of the ancient world, for the very stars in our flag were once the rowels on the Washington coat of arms; but I do mean that the main point of admiration in our family past is burdens bravely borne and obstacles valiantly overcome. "What is your coat of arms?" I once asked the head of an honored New England family. "A hoe and a rake rampant," he snorted in reply; and that is about all any American need say.

Every winter from Christmas to Easter my great-grandfather comes to visit me. At first we are not very intimate. But as we look at each other in the mellow firelight he sometimes smiles, especially when I express the hope that he is warm and comfortable and apologize for not speaking to him for days at a time. His old eyes almost flash when I thank him for the great Bible

that floated away in the flood of 1812, and that bears true watermarks halfway into every page. "Did you have to swim out after that Bible right into the street, dear great-grandfather?" I ask. And then at the memory of the vigorous days of old he positively grins. Perhaps I ought to mention that this ancestor who comes every winter, and who so revives when he is nodded to and joked with, visits me in the form of his portrait!

I have not the heart to suggest your becoming a genealogist. Leave the puzzlesome job to some other member of the family! It takes a special sort of mind to see clearly through the jungle of ancestral alliances or to disentangle the branches of the family forest. At all events become intelligently familiar with some main limbs of the great tree and climb among them, if I may keep to a complex metaphor, to refresh yourself with thoughts of the brave vital past, to which we owe more than we are ever definitely grateful for. Heredity, the action of the past on the present, is a strange but real power. The sudden moral resolution you feel solidifying you,—that sharp "No, I won't!"—that definite strong stand which came to you seemingly out of nowhere—how do you know but that the ability to think and to say that and the power to live up to it came from one of those forgotten relatives who, wherever they blissfully are, must be a bit astonished at our chronic ingratitude.

Coming now to our living relatives, we see clearly that there is no family friend so delightful as a dear old aunt! Have you a dear old aunt? If you are fifteen

years old, the aunt to fulfil the specifications need not be terribly old; that is, not more than fifty. Preferably but not necessarily she should be a maiden aunt who will link the present with the past. More than an attic, or familiarity with a line of well-catalogued ancestors even, use such a dear old aunt and delight in her! I specify a maiden aunt because somehow an unmarried relative seems more replete with leisure and stories and leniency and cookies for a nephew or a niece than the bustling, practical, married kind. There can be nothing finer, more unselfish, more cheer-bringing and more wistfully charming than an old maid! All honor to them from all the nieces and nephews all over the world! In front of a glowing fire on a rainy evening during a holiday visit, when there are no home lessons and when you snugly are sitting up as late as you please, cherish the companionship of a dear old aunt. With her you get restful romantic society.

> "Nor spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in an autumnal face."

Looking up into such an autumnal face, you might say, "Oh Aunt Sarah, tell me about the olden days when you were a little bit of a girl! Who was the oldest person you ever saw?" At which stanch old Aunt Sarah will survey the heel of the sock she is turning and, giving you a hard, sharp peppermint from her magic work-basket, will begin to unroll the mysterious forgotten yesterdays. Such an old aunt of mine would tell me about the ancient farm where she visited her aunt and made tallow dips for yonder brass candlestick and cut

up sugar loaves. Then at the end of the evening a proper aunt will let you explore the sideboard and munch queer biscuits that seem to carry the very flavor of the family of which you are consciously a part. It is good to be thus indoctrinated with the sentiment of family loyalty and of family feeling. For just as "that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best," so that man's the most dependable citizen whose true charity begins at home.

Of relatives in great reunions I have always had a definite dread. Probably you too will learn to enjoy your family most in quiet congenial trios rather than in formidable family parties. Nor can I see the pleasure or the use in great genealogical round-ups. This notice appears in the paper: "All people by the name of Simpkins will meet at a grand clambake on August 1. Come and shake hands with your brother Simpkinses." No, not for me! On such a day I, Jedediah Simpkins, would invite my soul at any point farthest from my rollicking, clam-devouring, distant relatives! Yes, observe that your countrymen may be all mankind; mankind may be and should be your business; but the mere distant relative can remain distant so far as you and I are concerned! He who said, "The cousins of my cousins are not my cousins," spoke wisely. Blood is a deal thicker than water, but there is a point where it becomes the red ink of formality. We need not show the appreciation of our relatives by enlarging the number of them or by gathering them all together at once. No; not great days of reunion or long tables of family feasting jump with my dream of the solace and tonic

of relatives. The great family party usually means the complete fatigue of our host—that is to say, of our hostess!—and the strain of amalgamating jarring groups. The happiest family has some members who are happiest apart, and it is meddlesome madness to try to persuade all sorts and conditions of relatives to sing in tune. After such round-ups we are more than ever mystified by the meaning or the uses of relativity!

One of the talents that young people need most is a spirit of thoughtfulness toward all older people. The elders are not always the betters, but it is courteous to treat them as such. Here manners join morals—a frequent union. Here the way we do things counts as much as the things we do. The kindly thought lovingly expressed,—not bottled up or carelessly let slip,—the friendly, bright post card sent for no reason in particular, the casual visit—all those things are marks of the thoughtful young relative. In this paper the pleasures of having relatives have been so alluring to narrate that scant space is left to record the obligations of being a relative. If freely we would receive, freely we should give. What course in humane manners can we take in the university of experience that will fit us to be the cheeriest of cousins, the most courteous of nephews, the gentlest of nieces! Remember this: nothing is so welcome to older folks as little acts of personal thoughtfulness. They don't want things; they do crave thoughts. To know that a bright and healthy young kinsman has taken the trouble—for friendship involves just that welcoming of inconvenience—to seek them out and sit with them a bit and perhaps to remember a birthday of theirs

with some word of frank appreciation, will warm the cockles of the heart of aunt or uncle. But enough. It is almost spoilt by planning. Let us say no more or think no more about this. Before nightfall let us go and do it!

Our family is the center of duty and enjoyment. Our chosen friends are the inspiration of action and of conquest. All round them hover the haloed cloud of ancestral witnesses and the warm circle of cousins and uncles and aunts. For social comfort, for old-shoe ease of contact give me at times the near relative who somehow embodies neither the exactions of the brother nor the expectations of the friend. It is hard to express the thought, but will you not look to these relatives for a certain solace and poulticing of pain? Shall you not find in your relatives your rest?

MY OUT OF DOORS

THE world is so full of a number of things," sang Robert Louis Stevenson, "I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings." The closer our touch with the world the fuller we find its treasuries of service and happiness. Those two always go together. You cannot be happy without being useful, yet sometimes dutiful folk suspect and neglect the beautiful. No person should be so hurried or preoccupied with duty as to forget beauty; no one should be so wearied with doing good as to fail to see the good that exists in every living thing round us.

The best things cannot be had for the buying; they are had only for the seeking and appreciating. Everything is ours that we seek joyously to understand. Yonder woodland with its mysteries of mossy cave and pensive flower is ours if we merely walk to it and open our minds for enjoyment; that big book on the shelf is ours if we will take time patiently to understand it; the great picture that the world reveres is ours if we will make a pilgrimage to it or even study a copy and seek to understand what the artist means. Enjoyment is nine points of ownership.

"Come," Walt Whitman used to say to a friend of mine, as he strolled up Fifth Avenue, "come and see my jewels. This man, the jeweler, keeps them for me."

Whereat Whitman would drag his companion to the jeweler's window, shifting his head from side to side, reveling in the brilliant gems. They were his because his character generated a delightful appreciation of them.

So it is with this world, which is so full of a number of things. It is ours if we will go out and possess it. Let us realize not only that it is our duty to be dutiful, but that it is our duty to love the beautiful. Let us not go through life huddled up under a grievous burden of responsibility, with brow knitted by conscientious problems, with eyes closed to everything except solemn tasks.

Why should we care about flowers and books and pictures? Are they not merely ornaments and fancy work on the fringe of life's fabric? Is it not for girls to pick bouquets; and for bespectacled old men to read books; and for freakish folk whom no one understands to appreciate pictures? Emphatically *no*. God's world is our world. It is given us richly to enjoy. We have a certain moral obligation to appreciate the lily of the field, the epoch-making book, and the great canvas that records a still greater vision. Such gifts make us deeply and truly happy. They keep our characters in tune with the world's best. They therefore make us more useful.

When Shakespeare asserted three hundred years ago that the man who had no music in himself was fit for treasons, strategems and spoils he pointed out the close connection between beauty and truth. We must never laugh at the lover of nature and call him effeminate, or regard the book lover as a "high brow." Rather

should we reproach ourselves, and sorrowfully admit that something is lacking in us if the primrose by the river's brim is to us simply a primrose and nothing more. Flowers, books and pictures are put into the world to make boys better and girls better, more useful young men and women, happier and more intelligent and more understanding folk.

Reserving for other papers talk about books and pictures, we think now about the great out of doors. The foolish person is not only the one who does not know enough to go in when it rains; as frequently the foolish person does not know enough to go *out* in any and all seasons. Housed folk, boys and girls constantly depending on other boys and girls, limited folk who never step off the beaten track that leads from school to the post office and from the post office to the soda fountain and so back again, such young people must try to reform and take pains to learn some of the delights of the great out of doors.

To acquire the art of appreciation you must take pains. Few qualities just come. The man who "wakes up famous" has for many nights gone to bed tired,—tired out with fruitless toil. The boy or girl who wishes to understand nature, finding in her both tonic and balm, both recreation and consolation, must undertake all the patient drudgery of discipleship.

The way to being is merely to begin! Do not wait for a good day, or for a picnic, or for next summer. The out of doors is always just one eighth of an inch away. The invitation beckons through the window-pane. Let us therefore rush right out of doors and

begin to enjoy the first thing we see, whether it be the sturdy spruce tree, or the school lawn just turning green, or the pond skimmed over with December crystals. Run out of the house, as Christian ran out of the City of Destruction, stopping his ears to all the clamor that called him back, and begin to revel in your out of doors.

Just to be orderly, suppose we begin with spring. When some boys are spinning tops on the asphalt, other boys should be venturing into swamps. The best way for the nature lover to begin is by investing in hip boots—those long rubber boots that bid us wade without thought anywhere, through anything. The best in nature always lies ahead; it has to be sought. Nature in her most abandoned moods never lies quite next the thoroughfare; and in the springtime we have to leap over the wall and thrash off nowhere in particular, seeking we know not what, but sure that we shall find more than we dreamed of.

A common flower in many states is the cowslip, or marsh marigold. If you are properly rubber-booted, you can very early find the sturdy, dark green leaves and the round vital buds of the marigold before it shows green in the marshes. Take a grape basket to the swamp, run your fingers well down beneath the marigold, strain and jerk and ease away, until you have a wonderful dripping handful of small leaves, round promising buds, and underneath eight inches of root muck.

On your return say nothing to the family but quietly come into the back yard and find some flowerpots. Fill them half full of earth, jam the roots of your marigolds

into the pots, splash water over the whole, and forget all about it. A few days later splash more water on, naturally moving your plants into the sun. Before long you will see that the dingy flowerpot with its muddy leaves gives token of the wonderful alchemy of nature. It is becoming a pot of gold. Some fine day in early April bring your pots of gold to the front of the house, put one in the sunny end of the parlor and another in the dining-room window where the sun strikes through; then listen to the happy comments of the family. You will indeed have brought a golden pleasure home, for the marigold is a generous, free bloomer; and what was once a mass of muck in the hidden swamp will be a pot of gold on your mother's window sill.

Summer comes next, and our out of doors in summer is like the florist's hothouse without glass or steam pipes or anything to pay! We can have dozens of everything free of charge. The Great Florist for one season turns the world into a glorious herbarium. A boy I once knew used every morning of his vacation before breakfast to take a walk in the woods. By woods I do not mean an umbrageous, primitive forest. You can find the kind of woods I mean ten minutes from your house. All you need for a country walk is country meadow, a bit of stream and a shady grove. There is great advantage in taking the same walk every day, for at first sight we never understand our out of doors or appreciate its treasures.

This friend of mine used to see how many different flowers he could bring home every morning for the breakfast table. He would notify the family what day

of the month it was by placing on the tablecloth varieties of blossoms according to the day of the month. At the beginning of July or August it was easy to pick different kinds of flowers to adorn the breakfast table, but at the end of the month to find twenty-five or thirty varieties—that was a task indeed!

Getting up half an hour early to have that quiet walk in the cool of the day, before people are astir and while the air is still fresh from its darksome refrigeration, then youth can begin the day with just that rush of ambition and belief in everything which is good, that youth cannot do without. People who have prayed with simple earnestness and who have walked with appreciation through the woods, perhaps praying and walking at once—such people are not likely to be ill-tempered or selfish when a little later the cereal is passed around!

If you really wish to feel at home in nature, and will try to make the out of doors your own, visit the same spot every season. To the pond where you love to skate in January, when the ice is tingling under the throb of hockey sticks, make a pilgrimage in mid-July. Let the bullfrog *ker-chunk* to you; watch the dragon fly (see Tennyson's *The Two Voices*); and if there is a leaky boat handy, pole out to the pond lilies, and see if you can pull up one of those perfect flowers with five feet of stem. I once saw a country boy thus punting take a great bite into the heart of a pond lily; he relished petals and anthers and yellow pollen as if it were—well, nothing else would be quite like that flowery mouthful!

On the shore again, where with fingers numb you put

on your skates six months ago, just where the brook runs in, what is that glorious glint of red? Go to the stream and revel in the cardinal flower. *Lobelia cardinalis!* What a graceful name for this vivid sentinel of July! Pay homage to it, but do not try to carry it home, for it will be a wilted, crumpled thing ten minutes after picking.

When we reach autumn the golden beauty often makes us pensive and regretful. Summer is the only season that we dread to see pass. Every one is relieved when snow finally goes and spring bursts; no one is sorry when the leafless trees and worn-out ground are first covered with snow. With pleasure we watch the promise of spring rush into the riches of summer. But every one feels a regret when summer goes. Is it because the goldenrod betokens duty and school and no more vacation, or is there a real sadness in the October sunshine?

If we are deeply in tune with nature and her purposes, if the out of doors is really our realm, we ought to overcome the sadness of "fall" and as champions of our Mother Nature's cause deny it when folk fondly speak of "the melancholy days." What is the purpose of nature? Why all this consummate shapeliness and gayety and depth of hue? Primarily it is not to please our eye, but to insure the preservation of the life it represents. All nature looks selflessly toward the future. Color and form are for the sake of seed. The two dominant motives in nature are self-preservation and reproduction. Therefore fall is the joyous moment of accomplishment. It is the season of mists and

mellow fruitfulness. Here again I refer you to a poem, —Keats' *To Autumn.*

I have sometimes wondered why we did not use the many-hued fruitage of fall as we now use clusters of flowers. A golden pumpkin might not prove so romantic a gift as a spray of goldenrod, but is it not almost as appealing? What is more sturdily beautiful than the wild grape in its heavy, purple clusters? On a hazy Saturday in mid-October, the period called St. Luke's summer, walk alone into the tangles of the wood, happily fighting your way through masses of bull briers and twisted vines until you see the great, succulent, yellow leaves of the grape. Of all the smells of all the year, nothing can excel that sunny, crushed, sad fall smell of the grape leaves and their fruit. Take your jackknife and cut a cluster with the leaves. It will prove as welcome an offering as any flower.

One word about carrying flowers through the streets. Do not boys feel bashful or self-conscious about that? Opposite our house, years ago, there was a big common where many boys used to play and where the passer-by was reviewed from the benches by all his contemporaries and many of their fathers. Some of my friends, on returning from a walk, could never bear the ordeal of carrying home a bunch of flowers. They thought it a sure badge of being girlish. Now, there is nothing in the world I crave more or admire more than downright virility. Next to a mother's love, to my mind there is nothing fairer or finer in the whole human gamut than a boy's virile purity of body. Such manly reliance and restraint, courageous yet humble, clear-eyed yet shy, are

the qualities that every boy—yes, and every man—worships and longs for. Yet cannot the love of the beautiful, and an expressed interest in birds and flowers and whatsoever things are honorable and of good report, be part of our hero's panoply? We are told to be all-round lovers of every good thing. Whatsoever, says the ancient sage, is honorable and lovely and of good report, about all those things we are seriously and sympathetically to think. So I hope that no boy will consider it girlish to crown his woodland walk with a collection of woodland gifts, and to bring them home out of God's great greenhouse for the center table or his mother's desk.

When winter comes, the nature lover's mood must accommodate itself to less flamboyant beauty. Here is opportunity, however, to learn the trees without their verdant hiding of leaves. Could you walk down your street for a mile and name every tree by looking at its bark? Could you unfailingly say over again, "Rock maple, horse-chestnut, English elm, willow, ash, maple"? Winter is the best time to make the acquaintance of the great world of trees, those gigantic flowers that shade the weary traveler and protect our cottage when all about the wind doth blow.

Throughout this talk about our out of doors I have mentioned flowers more than birds. That is not because flowers are more interesting or worthier of attention. It is because boys know more about birds—and no one has ever thought robbing bird's nests an effeminate pastime. Well may we learn to appreciate bird life without destroying it by breaking up bird homes. Win-

ter is the best time to begin a study of our feathered friends, because we are not bewildered by making too many acquaintances at once. Gradually to learn a score of birds in our neighborhood in winter introduces us to the fourscore of spring.

Over the frozen snow of your back yard learn the gracious habit of throwing occasionally a handful of crumbs. If Francis of Assisi long ago thought the birds needed preaching to, surely the lesser saints of to-day can pay them the tribute of scattering food in the wintertime. Indeed, that is a pious practice for all picnickers—not, to be sure, to leave half-eaten sandwiches floating lonesomely in shoe boxes on the shores of public ponds, but, after burying or burning the débris of a picnic, judiciously to scatter some dole of food for the little shy denizens of the woods. That is specially necessary in winter, when many birds in harsh seasons die of exposure and starvation.

Those rubber boots that we found so necessary in the spring will help us to understand our out of doors in mid-winter, too. After the season of skis or snow shoes, we can use the hip boots for deep plowing rambles through scrubby country, which otherwise would be neglected. The snow glorifies the most commonplace landscape. Some February day when the thaw sets in, pull on your rubber boots after school is over and just stride off for two hours, turning before sunset and arriving in time for a glorious rubdown with an hour of home study that properly precedes a snug winter supper time. How glorious it is to keep fit; to be dog-tired; to come back after silent, wholesome com-

munings with nature, all aglow, the body rested through exercise and the mind active by reason of that rest.

Thus our Mother Nature beckons to us just beyond the window pane. She is a good friend, offering an opportunity of wholesome pleasure to suit our every mood and time and place. Unhappy is the boy or girl who does not early learn the power of detachment from merely human sociability and domestic ease, and who does not often choose the seclusion of the woods and fields, where books are running brooks, where there are truly sermons in stones. The world is ours if, as in all friendship, we are willing to go more than halfway to make it our friend. Spring, summer, autumn, winter and all the shifting periods between—not a day but holds unguessed experiences of beauty, trust and inspiration. Just out there, not fifty yards away, along the dusty roadside, under the trees and by the brook, a gracious, inspiring miracle awaits—to teach you its messages of beauty and power.

Think well! Will you not enrich your life and become more cheery and more useful by learning *now* how to fill your character with God's out of doors and make it yours?

MY GARDEN

ENTERING the garden by way of the library and getting a sort of garden fever through books on gardening may seem a roundabout process. Yet it is an excellent way for the beginner to find out what to do and how to do it. Let no one be frightened away from the sunny land of gardening by what seems a dry method. When we discover how many different kinds of books have been written on the subject, which has its tradition and its technique just as beekeeping and trout fishing have, we shall see that, however gay and delightsome gardens are, they result only from a loving toil. So far as man is concerned, nature's wild gardens are like the lilies that toil not and spin not. Our garden at home, which of course is going to be the nicest of all cultivated gardens, will be successful only if we love it and weed it and work in it and plan for it and read about it.

> "For gardens are not made
> By saying Oh! how beautiful!
> And sitting in the shade."

Some rainy day this spring let us go to the library and ask the cheery librarian for books and references on the whole big subject of gardening. How cordial librarians are nowadays! In the old days I felt almost

wicked when I asked to take out a book, but now the more books that go out the happier the librarians seem to be. There is a story of an old librarian at a university who never was happy except in midsummer when all the students were away and all the books were neatly accounted for on the shelves! The town library to-day is a sunny, friendly working place, perhaps with a nice bunch of flowers right on the central desk. There a smiling attendant shows us how to find "G" in a Reader's Guide, where we discover what a many-sided subject gardening is. Closely printed columns refer us to magazine articles and bulletins that deal with every aspect of gardens all the way from raising lima beans to growing heliotrope. Then an attendant comes with books and places them on the little alcove table at which we sit—fat technical books and picture books and flat leisurely folios and books on home gardening, all replete with photographs. I think of you and your gardens as I turn over all the volumes and wonder which you would like to look into. I have put several books aside for special study; we can find ten times as many on this happy subject. The love of gardens and gardening, which within your lifetime has so generally spread, is indeed a good sign; it shows that civilization is growing and settling here in America. For until people have come to stay they do not plant gardens. The flower bed and the vegetable patch betoken the home maker and the home lover.

Suppose we arrange our selected books in groups and read first about that great succulent thing which is so hard to hoe and to weed and so pleasant to watch and

to eat from—the vegetable garden. Let us here immediately uproot a heresy. I suppose boys will think that the vegetable garden is their field, a place where the men-folk of the family have to labor. They will leave the gay flower garden to their mother and to the girls. Now that is a false division. Vegetables are the physical nourishment of all; flowers are the delight, or æsthetic nourishment, of all. For a boy to enjoy a geranium is no more effeminate than it is bold or ill-bred for a girl to enjoy a potato. Oh, wretched Americans that we are, who shall deliver us from the shackles of self-consciousness! Away with our foolish reticence concerning things that really count! We try so hard to seem not to care! Though we may be living in a free country, we are slaves until we dare to care and to say that we care.

The volumes about vegetables emphasize utility. The books and pamphlets that appeared during the war show us the value of the garden campaign that sought to increase the production of the country by utilizing every hand and every handbreadth of land. You who read this were perhaps a party to that patriotic plan, yourselves soldiers of the soil. You may well remember the community gardens and the school gardens that transformed many a vacant lot or railway inclosure into trig allotments. Like many a hasty necessity, the garden begun during the war has become a permanent thing that wise folk who have learned the value of it will not readily give up. There is nothing more comforting to the true patriot than to observe a vegetable garden in almost every yard. How peaceably and

wholesomely neighbors chat across their fences when each is convinced that *his* cabbages are heading up more firmly and *his* beans are a little stockier than those next door! The republic is more stable and serene when every family has a garden in its back yard. What is more conducive to quiet reflection, think you, than to saunter between rows of sprouting vegetables when pensive evening welcomes us forth from schoolroom or office or store? To our unprofessional eye it is all a miracle. To be sure, the area of our garden may not be spacious, for the ordinary American yard is "nice and small"; the war gardens, which were seldom more than twenty by fifty feet, fitted snugly into the domestic plot. But size does not count. Have you not discovered that space is simply time flattened out? If you walk very slowly and meditatively between your peas and beans you can make yourself feel that you are walking over spacious acres, without having the job of weeding them! To think largely and coolly in a small place is every kind of a victory.

In one book there is a picture that people who cheat themselves of simple pleasures for fear of expense should dwell upon. Like religion and art, nature is won by the seeking and the asking. "Carelessness of the single life" makes possible the penny packet! The picture is entitled, the Eighteen-Cent Garden. Fancy a whole garden at the price of three soda waters—a garden that has both vegetables and flowers! Prodigal nature offers to every family a transformed yard, front and back, for the cost of running a small automobile for a day. The natural impression of the horticultural

reform that the war beneficently started is that every American is at heart a farmer. We all love the soil. We like to eat what we have raised. We are sure that it is better than what we can buy. In our small way we bring to our little plots a certain enthusiasm that causes a larger proportional yield than the trained farmer gets. The engineer who works after hours in his garden—his hands are just washed from crank shaft or loom—somehow makes the tomatoes grow redder and smoother than they will for the true sons of the soil. Many of us who are farmers for only a twentieth of the day will—if we don't weary of weeding, pulling and cultivating—reap the triple reward of exercise in the open air, fresh vegetables for dinner, and a smiling communion with our mother, the earth.

What a contrast these next volumes bring! We turn now to two flat folios and in doing so step from our back yard to great gardens of old England and modern, wealthy America. A feeling of formality overwhelms us when we open such sumptuous books as those. But there is no harm in entertaining ourselves in fancy or in fact with the festive impossibilities that the folios picture. For myself I have never felt ashamed of being "a little brother of the rich" for a brief hour or two; it is like going to the play or like a roseate dream. But a certain sharp homesickness has always prevented me from wearing my welcome out. Once and again I have sat on a marble bench beside a yew tree that was clipped in the shape of a rooster, while over there little marble turtles spouted water at a bronze dolphin. Off gallops

my fancy. Had I but plenty of money I would not build me great, gaudy rooms full of gilded chairs and mirrors. Spacious, shaded gardens rather would I have and twenty grubbing gardeners to snip the edges and kill the pests and keep the gravel free from every blade of grass. There would be a fountain to spout and splash and old gray walls with nectarines ripening like globes of sunshine against them. Warm beneath the sun, a dial with its quaint motto would tell the hours; and far beyond the grape arbors a dancing marble faun would smirk at me. Yes, and like the faun my readers are no doubt smirking too. What foolishness I am talking! It is just a daydream springing from those sumptuous flat volumes, which show us what gardening really can do when it tries. If you go to Europe,—and you must go,—seek out nooky England, which is old America, and visit those incomparable gardens where for hundreds of years trees have been tended, and bowling greens have been rolled, and generations of gardeners have snipped and clipped and planted and watered until there have resulted the venerable, mellow, stately out-of-door apartments called gardens. And yet if simple folk like ourselves only knew the care and cost of such complex establishments that seem so full of easy pleasure, we should be content to swap the spouting dolphin for a garden hose and seats of ancient marble for a hammock beneath the trees!

The pictures of famous gardens should cause no sniffling of envy or contempt. I want you to like and to appreciate that kind of thing. To be sure the genius of America inclines to the informal in design and is in

fact suspicious of the seemingly artificial. Yet there is an intrinsic beauty in formal design, and, though our motto of life is simplicity, let us appreciate the charms of complexity. After all, what is our city public garden with George Washington on a bronze horse surrounded with parallelograms of pansies and rhomboids of fuchsias? What is it except a sort of Old World garden, a ducal garden open to every one every day? The real lover of gardens sees in formal gardening beauty that proudly will not try to conceal its art.

Most of the books on my table are about home flower gardens. They most of all will appeal to us simple Americans. We learn that to make a garden is not expensive and complicated, but simple and laborious. For good advice the garden maker must turn not to me but to such volumes as these. I am singing the praise of a home garden; I am not telling you what to do or what not to do in laying one out for yourselves. If after perusing the suggestions you are inspired first to study the best gardens in your town and then to expend a quarter of a dollar on seeds and perhaps half a dollar on simple plants, you will have launched yourself on the delectable garden habit, and these words will have struck root to bear, oh, such happy fruitage in many lives for years to come.

Some one asks if after all it isn't a luxury, and a certain feminine luxury too, that I am advocating. Are not gardens for rich and positive old ladies who like to scold the gardener and brandish a parasol? As an antidote to such a notion I commend the reading of

Francis Bacon's essay on gardens. That redoubtable judge could not be charged with effeminacy. When you read his praise of gardens and reflect on the long lists of melodious-sounding, sweet-smelling herbs—as moving a catalogue as Homer's list of ships or an Old Testament genealogy—you are convinced that gardening is masculine. If any one is still in doubt, let him transfer loam in a wheelbarrow for a morning or with bent back remove from all the beds those intrusive plants which grow so rapidly and which don't belong there! A weed has been defined as a plant that is out of place.

A garden is not a necessity; it seems a luxury. Yet sharing and use frustrate the sin of luxury. To grow flowers for your friends, to delight in distributing bouquets of early or uncommon blossoms, to run a sort of friendly flower mission among those who do not have flowers—such activity as that justifies our garden. Moreover, many gardens are the public property of passers-by, for the main function of flowers is not to rest in a vase on the parlor table, but to recreate and inspire the traveler on his necessary errand. Whoever brings into being gaudy color in his yard is thus a distributer of cheerfulness.

Gardens are not luxuries if we use them. If they are properly planned, there will be a quiet corner with a seat where we may muse and commune. For a garden is a kind of out-of-door church, a private floral chapel dedicated to pure thoughts, bright smiles and generous prospects. Restful lawn and pensive, nodding blossoms will make your garden as indispensable to you as your bed.

"The kiss of the sun for pardon
And the song of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

In planning your garden or in making over what you have, remember to connect it intimately with your house. It is a part of the house, an out-of-door apartment in which we live when the weather is fine. We are housed so much of the time that we should live out of doors as much as possible. The garden should be just a step from an indoor room. It should match the house in size and style. The lines of it should fit in with the windows and the doors of our dwelling; the symmetry of it should comfort the eye of persons within. I have a dear old friend whose box-edged flower beds seem to snuggle up to the house and whose sweet old rose vines, which her father planted a century ago (think of it, her rose vines planted a hundred years ago!), seem to embrace the cozy, sunny south side of her home. You must always plan your garden with reference to the people who have to sit inside. Perhaps from this window or that an invalid will have the comfort of sloping lawn and gay flowering border. Remember also that shut-in folk enjoy a window box. Just as we feed winter birds from the window when snow piles high, so a simple box, gay with pansies and heliotrope or fuchsias (these last my favorite flower; do you like them?) will gladden the heart of grandmother as she knits and meditates of bygone days.

That we are strangers and pilgrims I know well. Here, it is true, we have no continuing city. But the

God who gave us eyes to see and minds with which to appreciate has decked the world with intricate beauty. All who have pleasure in Him seek out his works. It is right to enjoy and to plan to enjoy whatsoever things are pure and lovely; otherwise there would be no gardens, for gardening is an investment in beauty, though sometimes the returns are slow. The garden lover is constantly looking into the future; if it were wrong to expect a certain permanency of habitation, the only flowers would be wild ones, and we should live in tents. It is right, it must be right, for us to have a house in our pilgrimage. We are housed pilgrims, and the circumstance insures rich sentiment accruing to us from a world that we know is God's. The more we put into nature the more we shall win from her; the more we love the garden the more closely will the garden enfold us and comfort us; the longer we and the family gaze lovingly at the garden the more responsive will the scene become. Consider the last point. Have you not felt the personality in certain long-loved scenes? I am sure that a patch of deserted scrubland has less personality in it than the garden right beside the house, trodden with familiar feet, saturated by domestic scenes, gazed at with loving eyes. As the years pass, the scene seems to soak into the tradition of the family; it is part of you; it is no longer merely earth and grass and flowers, but an extension of humanity.

Why not enjoy finding those mellow, humanized spots where nature seems to have absorbed something of human nature? Look out from windows in old-fashioned houses on little garden plots and feel the for-

gotten yesterdays or conjure up the folk that are no more. A friend of mine all unconsciously experienced the pressure of a vanished personality on a farm to which he returned during the summer. Presently on Sunday mornings he found himself in a spiritual mood, meditating at a certain sunny spot that overlooks the valley. For him it became a sort of shrine; there to pray or to link himself with the great unseen was no effort. At last an old inhabitant arrived and pointed out a spot where a saintly deacon to whom the house at one time had belonged had been wont to pray. It was my friend's point of inspiration; the sunny scene had absorbed the deacon's prayers.

"I do not always say grace before meals; but I will tell you when I always give thanks, and that is when I enter my garden." This is the experience of many who have learned the solace and the tonic of a garden. Perhaps you are tired. Perhaps you feel misunderstood. Perhaps you think nobody likes you! In our outdoor room there is nothing except beauty and sweetness; every root, every leaf, every flower proclaims the work of a controlling benevolence. As you feast on gracious color and sweet odors your brow loses its wrinkles; something draws the rancor from your heart. There is nothing there that is ugly, nothing that is commonplace. Wherever you turn you are cheered, solaced and invigorated. Without your knowing it, a deep truth is converting your mind. The deepest value of a garden is the lesson it silently instills. For its doctrine is this upholding thought: *If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe me?* The flowers

are gay—yes; they are dew-besprent and sweet of smell —yes; the lawn and the shady seat are full of rest—yes. Yet there is a solemn reason for the consolation that the garden gives; it is just that still small message of reassurance which every blossom separately conveys. If God so cared for me, says the larkspur, He will care for you. If our maker is God, rings the choir of Canterbury bells, isn't He yours, yours, *yours?* If God has troubled to make me so delicate, says the pansy, and with so thoughtful a face, won't He look after you too, O thoughtless girl and doubting boy?

Gardens transport us to the eternal. Think of it! Try it! Our little yard in our little street in our little town can help us to play a vital part in our big country and in God's great world.

MY WALKS ABROAD

THERE are two mental habits that should be learned early,—the lesson of intense concentration, and the equally useful lesson of complete relaxation. Your teachers at school exalt the former, and rightly so; let me exhort you while your mind is flexible to bending influences to learn the art of amicable relaxation. Many people are happy only when they are at some drudging work. On finding themselves away from the treadmill they collapse into a sort of despairing coma, until work begins again. It is as important to know how to be happily idle as to be happily diligent. "What did you learn at college?" This question was propounded to a group of successful men who answered it in their several serious ways. One man replied, "The best thing I learned at college was how to loaf." Though this reply may have all too many sorry applications, by it the answerer meant that in between his stretches of hard work he had developed the self-protecting art of hard play and of complete care-free relaxation.

For myself, I rejoice in bright sunny patches of idleness. Upon them I will not allow the shadow of some postponable duty to fall. It is nothing short of wicked to taint a God-given holiday with repinings about the past and anxieties about to-morrow. My doctrine is that though every consecutive period of work should con-

tain a proportion of relaxation or play, say as eight to two; and though every long vacation should be just about reversed, as two to eight; there are times when work is hindered by intrusive thoughts of play, and times when play is spoiled by nagging hang-overs of duty. Let each young growing person learn the habit of holy concentration, nor neglect the habit of holy play, for "the holy man is the *whole* man." Many a grown person never really works or never completely plays. Work is fretted by dreams of leisure; play is spoiled by the spectre of little duties. Why not develop a good wholesome conscience, learning to lay these spectres of your mind? The nagging conscience which asks: "Don't you realize that So-and-So is criticizing you," or "Do you think you really ought to enjoy this so much,"—that conscience is morbid and unmoral. These wicked questions are inventions of the devil, who is the enemy of serenity of mind.

There are two things, the proverb says, that we should never worry about: The things we can help and the things we can't. After we have worked hard and with even-handed cheeriness practiced the Golden Rule, then if any worry is left, treat it as a positive temptation and kick it downstairs. Those are the things we can help. As for the things we can't,—which again forbid our worry, sometimes these induce the most completely light-hearted days. Supposing some winter night the wind howls, and the snows fall, and as you lie in bed you are conscious of great blanketing piles of whiteness leveling the roads with the fences. Next morning trees are laden, poles are bending, wires are down. Even

sleighs cannot make headway, and the cockey little motors that spin over asphalt know better than to plunge into a wilderness of snow-drifts. On such a morning, oh! the joy of being convinced, without peradventure, that you *cannot* go to school! They don't even have to blow the fire whistle or ring the village bell to notify every family that to the great regret of the Town Council and the Selectmen and the Superintendent of Schools *we can't have a session to-day!* This obvious release applies to fathers who start so patiently every day to earn their children's bread in city offices. It applies to everybody who has to go out and is right glad to stay in. Occasionally kind nature thus snaps her maternal fingers at our smooth-running civilization, and forces upon a too active world a housed unexpected holiday. Could anything equal the emancipated conscience that would rule on such a day? We can do exactly as we like. The person who cannot readily relax and simply enjoy himself by doing nothing or catching up with the little odd jobs that delight us in the house of our pilgrimage,—that person must have a deep-seated ethical indigestion.

It is not only prolonged periods of joyful rest that I commend. I am thinking of little intervals snatched from the busy day, and enjoyed by chance between thronging duties. It is often harder to learn how to make ten minutes count than a whole day, or a whole vacation. These little recesses can prove a tonic and a balm, fitting the hard worker for the next task by complete change-of-mind and rest-of-mind which renovate the spirit. Supposing you are walking from school to

your home. I do not mean that the family is a task to be endured, but at any rate it presents another form of active social complications! Well then, your path leads by the shops. What a debt we owe to shopkeepers, in their gay, enticing windows. I never tire of gazing through plate glass at legs of lamb all framed in celery, or phalanxes of eye-glasses in the optician's window, or mounds of colored candy next door, or rows of sporting boots and pretty slippers, or a battalion of watches all gleaming in a row; or most of all into the windows of the fruiterer and the fishmonger. At this point you will lay down the book and say: "Our friend the writer must be a little crazy. He tells me to waste my time in such a medley of nonessentials." So be it. I submit that I do find it thoroughful restful to be vacant-minded. Being serious all the time with never a mental flop, means never being really at one's best. I want you to learn the art of playing with ideas, so long as they be clean and bright, without a thought of consequences. Take an idea and toss it in the air and catch it again, just as though it were a gilded ball. Enjoy it and revel in it, and then toss it away. You will be all the fitter to grasp the serious problem with tenacity and precision.

So then as we return from school, by way of mental holiday, before we go home to be cheerful with the family and to bring up the coal or feed the chickens, we stop on our walks abroad at the fruiterer's shop. In your day two refining decorations have established themselves in the streets of every town. I mean the decoration of fruit and the decoration of flowers. Time was when Rhode Island greenings and an occasional banana

were the only fruit, and when a hothouse was the rare luxury of the very rich. But the gold fever of '49 developed our semitropical far West, which to-day sends carloads of golden spheres back from its orange groves to delight the whole republic. Florida and California make glad our drab December and our chilly March. The fruit shop provides a great splotch of color in the street. Standing before its window I am transported to balmy climes. That gleaming square of dates,—what a picture of bending palms and quarreling Arabs it connotes. I see a row of camels sedately striding across the sands holding their supercilious heads high, while strapped across their humps these very dates are creaking. That glorious pyramid of apples,—where do they come from? Perhaps from New York State, so proud of its apple crop, but more likely they have traveled to you from Oregon. Apples are now vying in expense and lusciousness with any orange of the grove. These cocoanuts beguile me with a merry scene. I see them hanging in their triangular copra encasements, high up on the fragile palm. Perhaps a little brown brother of the Philippines has shinned up the slippery stem to pull them off, while a band of chattering monkeys leaps from bough to bough protesting, frightened, ever curious. But most of all I love the oranges. One of the thrills of life is the first sight of an orange tree, fruited and flowering all at once. It is more surprisingly beautiful than any picture of brush or of imagination. Happy he who, on a cool April evening, can ramble in an orange grove (where he has a right to go!) and from a tree, sweet enough with blossoms to furnish twenty weddings,

pluck golden spheres and eat them then and there. Thus before I know it, happy minutes have flown by, filled with the romance of the desert, the orchard and the grove. And I am rested, thoroughly renovated, my mind relaxed and ready for the new duty, just because I have been willing to be a little imaginative and to let the fancy roam.

It is fatal always to be matter of fact. It is essential sometimes to be a dreamer. It is useful to cultivate a dozen harmless private tastes which automatically we can indulge while actively on the move. "Go out to see the moon," wrote Emerson, "and it will prove but tinsel. See it on your necessary errand and it will gleam." So have I envied country doctors of the old school, men who, before motors arrived, must harness up their buggies and drive at dawn through muddy roads toward works of corporal mercy. These men, like the sailors in the 129th Psalm, saw the wonders of the Lord. Farmers rising early perforce; engineers keeping necessary fires glowing; policemen on their solitary beats; nurses watching the long night through. For such toilers Nature has special revelations, as on their necessary errands they can rest their minds in the by-products of duty.

To voice, to explain aloud, whatever is in the mind of course seems idleness. 'Tis better to be silent. My hobby, the gilded ball I toss for my own delight, no doubt seems silliness to you. These private relaxations on our walks abroad are kindly Nature's way of providing rest for all of us hard workers. The point to remember is,—don't be ashamed of them, don't suppress them,

do not think that achievement is won by being serious all the time. Welcome the day of rest; with glad and cheery conscience grasp the holiday. The holiday well deserved is indeed a holy day. Do not let petty duties dupe you. One of the greatest of earth's pilgrims boasted to his friends of a fine accomplishment,—which we too can achieve. "I know," he said, "how to be abased, and I know how to abound." Oh, yes, we all have to learn, for better or worse, how to be abased, but fewer of us learn how to abound. We have yielded to the temptation of letting the hangover of yesterday and the anxiety of to-morrow corrode our abounding. The happy boy and the happy girl should early learn the art of knowing how to abound by spontaneous enjoyment of the simple sights and sounds that beset appreciative folk. It will not make you idle. It will not waste your time. It means in carefree fashion opening your eyes, and on your necessary errand delightedly enjoying the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. Our walks abroad in any street, in any town, can be journeys of adventure and of rest.

MY VOCATION

LIVES of heroes can rightly encourage ordinary people like ourselves. For if you make a little study of biography you will generally discover two things about leaders and successful contributors to life. Lives of great men remind us of far more than that "we can make our lives sublime." They tell us of a plain start—a start often marked by uncertainty. Your hero is not born in a castle, determining at the age of six that he will be a general. Most often he is born in a wooden two-story house, and even at the age of seventeen he can't tell you for the life of him what he's going to be and do. Vocation isn't simple. Yours won't be simple. And that is one good reason why vocation should early be a theme of thought for you.

Some chilly or rainy day visit the public library in your town and browse among the shelves marked Biography. Confine your search to the first three chapters of these volumes. Skip the parts about the great-grandfathers. Center on the chapter entitled Youth and Early Training. See if you don't find two things there: the very simple house in which the hero was born, and the story of his uncertainty, his bewilderment about what he should be and should do. Now, is not that encouraging? Many people who have succeeded have been as vague as you are about vocation. Cheer up, then! There must be a solution for your problem, too!

There is one thing I beg that you will never say, and that is, "What will it matter a hundred years from now!" Perhaps you are genuinely concerned about some public issue or some private choice. You become heatedly interested. Some friend will seek to calm you by a cheap remedy.

"Oh," he says, waving his hands and smiling, "that's all right. Don't get excited. What will it all matter in a hundred years!"

Vocation, which is the sense of having a definite duty and a sacred job, rests on the belief that it *will* matter in a hundred years. If our reforms, ideals, loves and interests are like moths in a candle flame, then nothing matters much. But if life is real, the future is as real as the past. And what you think and what you do, your vocation, does matter a hundred years hence.

Of two facts I am certain: the world is unfinished; and we are meant to help finish it. This is not the best of all possible worlds, nor is it completely created. Our human institutions, just like the bodies of animals, are in a state of evolution. We are permitted to help the Creator complete the working out of his creation. We are all expected to contribute our individual mite, all that we have. We have got to count; we have got to leave this good world better than we found it. Every boy and girl must be a contributor and should begin to think clearly about vocation *now*.

Alas! there will probably be a great many slips, and it won't go smoothly with all of you. Not every one will become what he or she might be. Many take the

nearest vacancy as their life work. Beware! Do not mistake a vacancy, just because it is near by and empty, for your vocation. The years move fast. It is not easy to change from a settled task to an uncertainty. Our youthful dreamer becomes a routineer.

All round us there are as many cases of apparent misfit as of fit. Young people are doing routine things—tasks with no glow of vocation about them. And all that unguessed tragedy because of economic necessity (that is, the pressure to earn money and earn it quickly), or for lack of imagination and initiative and force to find out what is best to do and then determination to go to it!

All that sounds discouraging. It is meant to be. It should frighten parents and older friends. It should make young people ashamed of false humility about themselves.

"You don't understand me," says one of those. "I'm not much good at anything. I just want to get out into the world. I want to earn my living. Why, I'm getting *old*." (We often feel older at seventeen than when those digits are turned about!) "It's very kind of you to talk about my career and a vocation for me, but I'm not meant to set the river afire."

Thus early the fires of ambition go out; thus early hope dies down. And the boy never succeeds. Why? Because, often as we speak of a misspent life, we dwell so seldom on a misapplied life; because the problem of vocation for Tom or Susan has not kept the parents literally awake at night until the absolutely best course was chosen. We can't be too serious about this subject,

or fail to ask parents to study it by looking into such a book as Mr. Bloomfield's *Youth, School and Vocation.* But this paper is for young folks; let us step back into the alcove marked Biography.

We shall take Pershing and Roosevelt—not because they ended as great men but because they began as ordinary boys. Out there in Laclede, Missouri, young John Pershing grew up "square-jawed and iron-willed. His shoulders were square and he was as straight as an arrow." The usual days of school and home chores were followed by teaching school when he was seventeen. Then, still uncertain, he took a course at the normal school, "the same persistent, reliable, hard-working, successful student he had formerly been." And *then,* on the basis of that steady, sturdy search, came the opportunity to enter West Point. The important thing to consider here is that Pershing offset the vagueness of aim natural to all young people by a determination to be *something.* At first, that is all we can ask ourselves. Take as your motto: *Be somebody.*

Forever to smash the idea that a man must be a genius to excel, let every young American read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Chapter II of Roosevelt's Autobiography. The gist of it is that Roosevelt made the best out of second best. He plainly says so. He declares that his was not a mind of the first class.

"There are," he says, "two kinds of success, or rather two kinds of ability displayed in the achievement of success. There is first the success either in big things or small things which comes to the man who has in him the natural power to do what no one else can do and what no amount of training or persistence or will power will enable any ordinary

man to do. This success, of course, like every other kind of success, may be on a very big scale or on a very small scale. The quality which the man possesses may be that which enables him to run a hundred yards in nine and three fifths seconds, or to play ten separate games of chess at the same time blindfolded, or to add five columns of figures at once without effort, or to write the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, or to deliver the Gettysburg Speech, or to show the ability of Frederick at Leuthen or Nelson at Trafalgar. No amount of training of body or mind would enable any ordinary man to perform any one of these feats. . . .

"But much the commoner type of success . . . is that which comes to the man who differs from his fellows not by the kind of quality which he possesses but by the degree of development which he has given to that quality. This kind of success is open to a large number of persons if only they seriously determine to achieve it. . . . It is the only kind of success that is open to most of us. . . . To the average man it is probably more useful to study this second type of success than to study the first. . . . I need scarcely say that all the successes I have ever won have been of the second type. I never won anything without hard labor and the exercise of my best judgment and careful planning and working long in advance. Having been a *rather sickly and awkward boy* [italics mine], I was as a young man at first both nervous and distrustful of my powers. I had to train myself painfully and laboriously, not merely as regards my body, but as regards my soul and spirit."

What a true tonic, what nourishing reading, this confession of Roosevelt's should prove to all of us who distrust ourselves! For many are not naturally courageous on the platform or on horseback or in the clashes of public opinion. And courageous all vocationists must be.

The thoughts that thus far I hope we have clarified are:

(*a*) The world needs you and me. If we don't do

our part, the world plan will be by that much impoverished. It does matter in a hundred years.

(*b*) Vocation is not always clarion-clear. Duty not only whispers, Lo! thou must, but sometimes *low*, Thou must! We are not to become discouraged if we can't decide. Lives of great men have been hazy in boyhood.

(*c*) The world is not reserved for geniuses. Roosevelt told us of his essential commonplace-mindedness. His vital flame of sympathy and his thirst for a better world lifted him from the ranks. He wanted what the people wanted, but he wanted it more, he wanted it harder. His serviceableness grew out of this vast capacity to take pains. We are each one of us to achieve some special pinnacle of power by abnormal exercise of normal talents. Do you agree, so far? If so, let us be more specific now about My Vocation, and try to answer the problem, What shall I do?

But before that, let us dedicate a parenthesis specially to girls, for a girl should look forward as keenly to a career as any boy should. I am not at all sure that we can follow Tennyson with entire agreement when he declares:

> "Man for the field, and woman for the hearth;
> Man for the sword, and for the needle she;
> Man with the head, and woman with the heart;
> Man to command, and woman to obey;
> All else confusion."

The greatest career of all is rearing a family, but that is best prepared for, not by thinking about it or waiting for it, but by living a useful, purposeful life. "Charac-

ter is a by-product of duty performed." The character we want in a mother comes from general purposefulness not by sitting about, gently sewing, gently gardening and gently walking in the shrubbery like the ladies in Jane Austen's novels. That phrase, "for the needle she," frankly irritates me, who am a man. And I hope that any young girl reading this will keep the needle in its place, by knowing how to use it deftly, and using it, too; but to see visions of much grander things than domestic chores.

Some quiet conservatives will call this revolution. No; it is just planning to give girls a chance and to frustrate in advance, *well* in advance, that avoidable predicament—to be a woman, young and unmarried, with no special interest, no motive, no responsible share in the world's plan, no exhilarating conviction that she counts.

I could tell you of Florence Nightingale, Julia Ward Howe, Mme. Breshkovsky and a dozen more girls who followed a star instead of a needle—women, at any rate, who knew that the whole of life consisted not in hunting through all the haystack for the needle of petty duty. And I could write a whole article for girls on My Brothers, showing how men-folk like to be treated and *should* be treated to bring them to their very best. But this alone need now be said: the war has proved that many responsible callings can be filled by alert young women. The world is yours, then—enter the great portals of fair and friendly equality, planning to have no period in your life when killing time or filling time with nonessentials will consume your precious days.

In planning, all young people together, to leave this good world better than we found it, we must first be activeminded on the subject of vocation. I cannot tell you what you ought to be; I can perhaps sensitize your mind so that you can find out for yourself. Thus we can conclude our inquiry with two rules: Keep trying until you decide. Keep working until you achieve.

Don't be ashamed if you have not as yet made up your mind what to be. Failure to care is the sole cause of shame. To my question, "What are you going to do?" I might get from a dozen young people very vague replies. That is not surprising. The thing to remember about vocation is that we must plan to place our powers where they are most needed. Leaders—we *plan* to be leaders, too—have been those importunate hammerers on the door of opportunity who would not take no for an answer. Though they have suffered from undecided beginnings and fallow intervals (which are ever the portion of those not content to be enslaved by routine), they have serenely assumed that the world needed them, and they have been right. They have been lifters and not leaners; pushers and not drags. Of course they have been discouraged; of course they have seemed to fail.

> "That low man goes on adding one to one;
> His hundred's soon hit:
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit."

Never let the subject of vocation go to sleep. Keep it alive by compositions on careers, in debating societies, by lectures on the merits of various professions. In

every good high school we should have every year by leaders in their several callings a series of strong talks on *What to Do*. Thus we shall learn the joys and the burdens of professions, all of which seem from outside to be full of honor and reward. We shall get a patient view of preparation, seeing that certain professions involve a college course first. The lawyer, who deals with the rights of man; the minister, whose concern is the soul of man; the doctor, who labors for the body of man—their problems can't be solved by callow experimenters. We see that preparation is not an artificial barrier to keep the applicant out, but a plan to fit able men to serve other men acceptably. Besides this, ask questions of experts. Talking about yourself is of course a bore—an egotism to be avoided. But you will find that live men who have succeeded will always welcome questions on vocation. Gladly they will shed light.

Perhaps it is three years before you leave school to enter "the great world" (as if we were not always in that world). Get ahead of the problem by summer experiments. Get a job in the mill, thereby learning how you and manufacturing get on together. Spend a long vacation in a big commercial house—some modern, broad-minded concern. Work in an architect's office. Drive about with the doctor. Do anything that will give you experience.

Above all things keep alive in the great subject. Don't sit back and sleepily slip into a vacancy and pretend that it is your vocation. Ninety times out of a hundred *it isn't*. The rule is, Try again. Failure is nothing—

only the dulling sense of failure is to be dreaded. Sometimes from the top of a pile of failures we can fly away to a success. Don't mind being a rolling stone. Be frankly an active stone until you find the arch that is waiting for you, the wall that cries out for your buttressing! When you have decided, work until you achieve and, having achieved a little, work some more. There is no limit to man's moral development and none apparently to his contributive co-creating powers.

What long words those are! But you understand what they mean. They mean that vocation is only a door into a world of pains. "Fame is a pearl, hid 'neath a sea of tears." Doing anything well means taking *pains.*

This insistence on working at your vocation lies beyond our subject, but we had best look ahead and see that all the world's contributors have "scorned delights and lived laborious days." It is a daily choice: to be genial and easy and agreeing and purposeless and good-for-nothing beyond adding one and one; or to be a hermit, it may be; to be content to delve; to spend hours alone; not always to be in a club, but sometimes to be in a cave; to choose between slavery to petty obtruding details and the companionship of freeing ideals.

Do not be duped by little duties. Do not be a chore-man all your days. Do not heed the suggestion that you can't set the river afire. Let your hopes, not your fears, control you. Listen to the call and, hearing it, become its brave disciple. Endure the afflictions of dreamers and leaders. Try neither to be queer nor to be ordinary.

Be neither conformist nor nonconformist. Just be your plain purposeful self.

Heed the call, and let the neighbors laugh or misunderstand. If you hear and heed your vocation, some day you may help to dry the neighbor's tears and help him to find his way. Keep everlastingly at it, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, for a real answer awaits the boy's or girl's question, *What shall I do?*

MY NEW YEAR

NEW YEAR'S DAY is a holiday for every one, and for young people it is a holiday within a holiday. From Christmas to early January all of us will be having our winter school vacation, and that will provide the leisure necessary to spend New Year's Day aright. In the midst of our winter holiday we shall find a date that, printed in red on the calendar, denotes a day of special meaning. Our joyful problem is how best to spend the first of January; how to interpret the first day of the new year so that all the other three hundred and sixty-four days will catch a certain radiance from the way we use it.

The first day of January is the birthday of the year. It is the day when every one who shares in the precious gift of time may realize anew the sacred value and the thrilling uncertainty of that gift. For, like air and food, time is an essential ingredient in our earthly pilgrimage. Stop a moment and look at the clock, or take out your watch and reverently muse on the passing of the seconds, the minutes and the hours. Indeed, it is a thought saturated with legitimate sentiment, this passing of the time that never can return. Some one likens it to pulling a string out of a great mystic storehouse. One minute and only one can we draw at a time. On we pull and pull, knowing but often forget-

ting that in the mystic chamber of time there is an end to our string. Some day it will stop; no one knows when. Therefore, on New Year's Day, the birthday of a new year during which there will be hopes and sorrows and accomplishments, the natural thing is to make real to ourselves the sacredness of time. Let us not be morbid about it or work ourselves into a breathless intensity; but let us each deeply consider what it all means to him as the second hand ticks into minutes, and the minutes grow into hours, and the hours make up the days, and the days range themselves into priceless fleeting years, and all becomes the past.

Reflective people agree with the poets and the sages, who never fail to dwell on the impermanence of life. "In my prosperity I said," records a poet king, "I shall never be moved." He was so sure of his days and of his years! Good things clustered round him as with youth's happy confidence in his own powers he resolved to keep what he loved and to win still more; but experience brought the wholesome lesson that time glides fast and brings defeats. Without apology the wise man adds: "I gat me to my Lord right humbly." That is something which every young person should indelibly secure—the sense of the transitoriness of all life, whether it is joyous or marked with pain. It is right to enjoy life. If we are unhappy something is deeply wrong. We are born to spend blessed productive days, but we are not born to trifle with them, to toss them into the air like playful gilded balls. There is no single being who can truthfully say, "See how careless I can be! Nothing can go wrong with me. I will not look at

the clock or scan the calendar, for I shall never be moved." The first good resolution we should all adopt on New Year's Day is humbly to recognize that everything, including ourselves, flows on; to realize the certainty that we *shall* be moved, to feel a proper repugnance to the bovine materialism that lives on and on with no pensive or sensitive conviction that time is on the wing, and to know that for young and old every day is a gracious, mysterious sort of loan. No, let us not be morbid, but let each one of us on New Year's Day be full of gentle assurance touched with gratitude that, though God gives us to-day and perhaps many days, He never tells us how many there shall be. With that refining thought we shall begin the year, doubly valuing the gift of time.

New Year's Day properly begins on New Year's Eve. Tell your parents that, since it is vacation, no harm can come from sitting up to watch the new year in! Once in the year *late* to bed may, in sensitiveness to life's values, make you healthy, wealthy and wise! December 31 is a kind of red-letter night. How well I remember the old New England way! From ten o'clock to almost twelve we would be sleepy and perhaps would curl up on the sofa for a nap. Then we would hear a crisp crunching on the snow outside as godly Methodists and pious Baptists trudged the dark streets to attend the watch-night service. We would peer out and see their black huddled figures as with thoughtful tread they sought God's house, there to give thanks for the days that were gone and to bind up the spirit for the new gift of time. Suddenly out of the dark the bells would ring,

almost harshly reminding all slumberous folk that something important was being contracted.

"Tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying."

The new year was ushered in with gladness and good resolution. Not by themselves did those ancestors of ours from whom we inherit the pious watch-night custom enter upon the precious gift of time. Silently they would sit at home or in church holding in their hands the Word of God, the great book of vision and program. As the clock struck twelve they would let the book fall open, and then, like a Christian wizard, each would point a prophetic finger on the page without looking. The verse thus selected, they piously agreed, would be the guiding light for the new year. And so wherever we now live we have inherited from the sturdy original stock a sense of sober reckoning on New Year's Eve. Yet with all that there should go natural friendly congratulations. Never be so serious that you lose the joy of the daily food of human nature. Keep the light touch; do not wear your good resolutions on your sleeve for daws to peck at. Be your New Year's Day ever so rich in secret meaning, carry a smiling face and a wholesome handclasp. As you go about on January 1 square your shoulders and hold your head high, and welcome a new world with new gladness and charity. For what are all our resolutions worth, and what can all our sober midnight preparations really effect, unless we acquire the gentle touch and greet the new year with a cheer.

We intend, you and I, to make this January 1 count for something. Bear with me for a little longer. We must be serious together, however briefly, planning how each one separately should use this birthday of the new year. We should spend part of it in social life, of course; in household duties, yes; in sleeping a little later, which, considering the midnight hour, may be excused; in coasting if we live in frosty lands; or in climbing a leafy mountain if our lot is cast on the Pacific slope. One thing I do require of you and of myself: on New Year's Day each of us should spend one hour alone. A wise man once said, "Early learn the habit of detachment." Learn all alone to be happy and productively thoughtful without one bit of queerness.

Be good company for yourself. Enrich the solitary hour with clear-eyed speculations and generous social projects. No one assuredly is an effective tool in the community who does not sharpen himself on the whetstone of solitude.

So, then, some time during January 1 you and I are going to have a little time alone. Preferably it will be out of doors, where, lubricated with fresh air, the mind works clearest and cleanest. Let us pretend that last night our finger fell not on one text but on two, and that good fortune brought for our guiding new-year light two Christian questions. One of them is Christ's query, "What do you want?" And the other is Paul's query of Christ, "What do You want me to do?" I purposely change the "wilt's" into our modern use, for the Lord of Life would not say to you to-day, "What wilt thou?" On January 1, He says, "What do you want?" just

as the modern believer on this great day looks up and asks with reverent intimacy, *Lord, what do You want me to do?*

What do you want? That is the radiant demand which comes down from Almightiness into the human heart on New Year's Day. Listen! On the day when we sensitize ourselves to true values by winnowing out the grain of life, the all-giving, all-loving God asks of each of us: What do you want? As you walk along by yourself on New Year's Day settle that question first of all. Never allow yourself for one moving moment to be without a vision and without a program. Consider the pathos of lives lived by days and years without a goal. Bereft of purpose, what pilgrimage can be replete with either happiness or fruitage? Settle it now as the blessed question resounds on New Year's Day: What do you want? *What do you want?* No one can pretend to answer that question for you. It must be settled between you and the Divine Questioner. Only remember that in those private communings you have the right to be absolutely and simply yourself. When you are alone, put on no airs. Do not cloud communion with false pride or false humility. Settle it simply and alone with your Omnipotent Companion. Tell without flinching all the miserable things you want or have wanted; acknowledge your second-rate desires. Beneath that all-seeing gaze do not try to hide shoddy hopes and cheap ambitions. Tell them *all*, and as you tell them observe just how second-rate they are.

At the end of that patient and purifying process you will discover that you are a hero or a heroine in so far

as what you really want exalts you. On New Year's Day you will discover that you want the unpurchasable things, the things that come only as gracious gifts and after lifelong struggle. You will find that you want, not to *get* and not to *have,* but most of all to *be.*

As we commune alone on New Year's Day the question our Great Companion puts to us will usher in a question that we put to Him. What I want is power to serve; my destiny resolves itself in duty. My time, uncertain always, whether it is short or decades long, is useful only as I dedicate it to the common good. Deeply I discover, and, oh, what a delicious and refreshing surprise it is, that I am not altogether selfish after all. I am not the petty and pettish sport of vulgar wishes; but my true self cries out in answer: Not what I want to do, but what You have for me to do. The real question for all real people on New Year's Day must ever be: *Lord, what do You want me to do?*

What the answer is you alone will know, and only you will need to know. For each of us there is a vocation. Before each communer there opens out a career. Into the listening ear the voice of love and power pours burning messages of service. It matters not where you are; it matters only what you are. It matters little what honest task you do; it matters much how gallantly you do it. But deeper than all lies the habit of secret communion itself, in which the Great Companion will whisper separate messages to each of us. Stripped of second-rateness and selfishness and with a smile of friendship, we look up on the first day of the new year

and ask the greatest human question: Lord, what do You want me to do? It is the query that Almightiness expects of his sons and daughters, who by inheritance will to be about their Father's business. By asking that question as we walk along alone we shall have begun the new year aright. No smaller quest can launch us forward into the great gift of time. And our share in answering that great question will make our new year great.